THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. | BENNETT & FITCH, No. 726 Sansom St. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876. | $2 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. | No. 50.

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Tho' with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Fill'd with things the heart hath builded!
Home!—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us—
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!

ELISE'S VANITY.

The vanity of the fair sex, it is said, is of the same age as the sex itself. A clever writer in defending this trait of the feminine character, has said that it constitutes its greatest charm; that without it the sex would lose half its attraction; and in support of this theory there is the old quaint story of the German maiden—a history which is so tender and pretty, that it is worth rescuing from the forgotten legends of the Fatherland.

A maiden lived on the banks of the Rhine with her father, the miller. Now the maiden, whose name was Elise, was not pretty, and she was cross and fretful, for she grieved for her own lack of beauty, and thought that none would ever care for her on account of the few graces Nature had given to her; so she did not even try to please, and yet her heart was very large and very kindly. She spent half her time in front of her looking-glass, lamenting her plainness, and thinking how impossible it was that Carl would ever learn to love her, while Gretchen, who was so fair and pretty that she was called "The Daughter of Spring," dwelt near her.

One day Elise went down to the Rhine to bring in water, and, as she dipped her pails in the clear ripples, she saw her own face reflected, and turned away, wretched and discontented. She sat down on a rocky stone and watched the sun-light playing on the castle-crowned hills, and listened to the far off song of the workers in the vineyards, and thought of Carl, who was there, and of Gretchen, who was there also.

"Ah me!" she sighed, "what a gift is beauty!"

"Elise," said a voice, and looking up, she saw an old woman—a very old, deformed woman—standing near to her. "Elise," she said, "I will tell you the secret of beauty, and you shall obtain all that you long for so much. Go home, and never look in a glass, never see the reflection of your own face in the water, never once again gaze on your own features, and you will grow pretty—so pretty that all will wonder at the change, and Carl—Carl will learn to love you."

"But how shall I know that it is true if I may not see my face?" asked Elise.

"Can you not tell by the altered manner of those around you?" said the dame.

"Oh, yes," said Elise. "How I will watch them!"

Elise went home with a new and strange happiness at her heart—a happiness that changed her nature and influenced every day of her life, and made her amiable, and soft, and loving, and kind, and considerate, and anxious to please, and ready to serve and help others.

Presently, people began to remark the alteration in the miller's daughter, and to tell her how different she was from formerly, and the maidens sought her out and talked to her about their lovers, and the youth declared that Elise, the miller's daughter, was the nicest girl that side of the Rhine, and Carl learnt to think how different she was from Gretchen, and he learnt to love her, and all through the Fatherland there was not so happy a girl as Elise. And all this time she never once saw her own face, but turned away her head when she dipped her pails in the stream, and through all the miller's house there was not to be found a looking-glass.

In the spring time came her wedding day, and early in the sweet fresh morning she was married to Carl, and the young flowers peeped out to see her face as she passed by, and the tender grass kissed her feet as she went along, and the birds sang out a greeting, and even the light, feathery clouds seemed to stoop over her head, as if with their shadowy hands they blessed her on her bridal day. Ah, happy Elise.

"Thou art so changed," said Carl. "Thy face is so different from what it formerly was. It does not seem to me that it is possible thou art the same Elise. I used to pass without even looking back to gaze on thee; but to-day in thy bridal veil thou art a sweet picture, which memory will paint on my heart forever."

Now presently they were all feasting; and Elise, longing to be alone for a few minutes with her wonderful happiness, crept down to the side of the Rhine, and thought over the past.

"Ah, he said I am so altered too. Happy Elise, thou art indeed altered. And he said how pretty I looked in my bridal veil. Do I, I wonder? What would I not give to see myself."

Copyrighted in the year 1876, by Bennett & Fitch.

"HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US."

She stood on the edge of the water with her face turned away, but her vanity kept saying to her, "Look once, for a single moment, Elise, and see thyself on thy bridal day;" but she hesitated and longed, and wondered if punishment would really follow if she looked. "It cannot make any difference," she thought, and she moved her head a little way—a very little way round—till she could see the shape of her head in the water, and it seemed quite strange to her, for she had not seen it for so long.

"I must, oh I must see the face my Carl loves," she said, and forgetting the happiness she might lose in this offering to her vanity, she turned and looked at her reflection in the water, and she saw—what? the same plain face she remembered long ago; the same, the very same, without one feature altered.

With a scream of despair she tottered forward a step too far, and before she could recover herself, she fell into the water which had shown her the dreadful truth. The tide bore her away, and never again was seen the miller's daughter—Carl's young bride. Alas for Vanity.

SKELETONIZING LEAVES.

Not a little interest has been excited of late on the subject of the art of skeletonizing leaves and flowers, owing to the exhibition of some beautifully executed samples in the Centennial Exhibition, and having been asked by several correspondents to give them the *modus operandi*, we have considered the matter one which deserved an extended notice.

We will begin by saying that the art of skeletonizing leaves and flowers would be found much less difficult of accomplishment were the nature and character of the various plants thoroughly studied at first. For instance, it would be but a poor direction to the learner to say, "Gather the leaves on a certain day," unless proper attention be also paid to the leaves chosen. They must have reached a certain degree of maturity, neither too old nor too young; and as all leaves do not reach this maturity at the same time, it is obvious that care must be taken that each kind must be gathered when fit for use. The leaves of the magnolia, for instance, may be gathered when the plant is in bloom, varying in time from June till August. They will require from a month to six weeks' time to be well immersed, and so be easy to dissect, as the fiber is so strong. The leaves of the ivy rank among the most difficult, and, because of the peculiar beauty of the fiber, will amply repay the trouble involved in the preparation. These may be immersed from the beginning of May to October, but should be leaves of the previous year's growth. All leaves will not answer for dissecting, but those that have been most successively operated on are from the magnolia, ivy, pear, rose, holly, orange, poplar, willow, elm, lime, service tree, Spanish and horse chesnuts. Seed vessels may also be dissected in an admirable manner; such are those of the stramonium, winter cherry, poppy, etc.

To procure good specimens, put the leaves into a deep jar and cover them with soft water, the jar is then put in a cool place. When, upon examination, the leaves are found to be soft, they must be carefully brushed in a weak solution of chloride of lime for a short time, to whiten the fiber, and afterward washed well in two or three waters and dried carefully between sheets of blotting paper or linen, after which they are ready for mounting. To make stems for this purpose, thread stiffened with gum is the most useful, and it has a natural appearance. The leaves may be formed into bouquets or wreaths, according to the taste of the operator, and should be placed under glass shades to preserve them from harm.

We have seen groups of leaves so prepared that formed acceptable table ornaments in sitting and drawing-rooms; and it suggests a pleasant employment for the fair sex with which to fill up moments of leisure. It is evident that much discrimination in the selection of the right leaves is required, and a light and careful manipulation is also essential; and in the case of failue from the first attempt, no small amount of patience is needed to carry the operation through to ultimate success.

A SAILORS' FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARTINI IN CONFERENCE WITH MADAME ONCE MORE. HER PEREMPTORY CONDUCT.

Only a practiced villain—one who was well versed in the subtleness and trickery of genuine diplomacy and intrigue—could have appeared as Monsieur Martini did, when he was ushered into the presence of his intended victim, on the evening alluded to in our last chapter.

He entered the drawing-room (where were seated madame and Flora) with a firm step and an unchanging countenance, and as he withdrew his tightly-fitting glove from his small white hand, he bade the ladies good evening in the coolest and most plausible manner possible—in the same friendly tone, and with that same assumed superiority of character and address which had ever marked his intercourse with madame and her *protege*. He was received by the ladies with a cold and formal politeness—which, though he did not seem to observe, he could not avoid noticing.

"Since we met, madame," observed Martini, at once, "I trust you have been well, and that your ward, Ma'amoiselle Flora, has also enjoyed good health."

Madame merely bowed to this empty expression of compliment, and said, immediately, "I sent for you, monsieur, this evening, upon pressing business."

"I shall be proud to serve Madame Denoir to the extreme of my abilities," said the knave, politely.

"The service I have to crave at your hands to-night is trivial, monsieur; but I desire, if you shall deem it proper to answer me at all, that you will tell me the truth—if you *can*."

This was a sharp and sudden reproof, which the notary did not exactly anticipate—but he was well fortified, and he did not appear to notice the insinuation contained in this remark, but answered, calmly:

"Will madame command me?"

"Tell me, monsieur—where is Elmir Fonblanc?"

This query, so suddenly propounded, and in a manner so peculiarly expressive—for madame possessed the power to be "pointed in speech," when she so desired—emphatically staggered the notary and he said, at once:

"I do not know, madame. That is—"

"Do not equivocate, monsieur," responded the lady, warmly. "If I am not mistaken, you *do* know, and you have had an agency, in some way, in his present trouble!"

"*Trouble*, madame! What trouble?"

"Answer me, first, upon your honor—if there be left in your composition any spark of that commodity, which may well be questioned—answer me, honestly, do you not know where is Elmir Fonblanc?"

"Upon my honor, then, madame, I know now nothing but what I have just now casually heard, and of which, you, yourself, I think, must be advised."

"Elmir Fonblanc is in a filthy dungeon, monsieur—in Havre?" said madame, with chilling emphasis.

"I learned that he was in prison, but a few hours since," continued Martini, "and I but await your orders, madame, to do all in my power for his relief—and at once."

"You will be spared any further trouble in reference to Elmir's fate, monsieur," said the lady, "and I sent for you, only, to ask if you were acquainted with one Lemoine, attorney—at Havre?"

"Yes, madame—I have the honor of that gentleman's acquaintance; and it was through him that I just now learned of the young man's position. It seems that the boy returned from sea a few days since, and being probably destitute of friends, and reckless perhaps, of consequences, he forced himself into Lemoine's office and attempted to rob his premises—"

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Flora, loudly at this juncture.

"Nor I, monsieur," added the lady.

"Neither do *you* believe it," chimed in the young lady, nervously, turning again to Martini. "You do not believe so foul an accusation, surely!"

"We cannot tell, ladies. It is a long way hence to Havre, and who knows but Elmir may have been tempted or driven perhaps, to this painful shift, in his emergency?"

"I am on my way from Toulon, monsieur," said Madame Denoir, "to Havre. In a few hours, all will be explained to *my* satisfaction, I am sure. I trust that you will be fortunate enough to be as well with the result of this affair, as *we* shall be."

"What, madame?" exclaimed the notary, not a little alarmed at this precipitancy, "this is—I mean—*when* do you go Havre?"

"To-night, monsieur—this very night.

I am now awaiting the arrival of a post coach, ordered at nine this evening. We shall proceed with all possible despatch to Havre; and to-morrow, if we are alive, we will know from Elmir's own lips the real state of this most extraordinary case. In the meantime," continued the lady, triumphantly, turning to a table near her, and presenting to the notary a large old fashioned *Bible*, which was open at a particular place in the "Family Record," and to which she pointed earnestly—"read *that*, monsieur, and that, and that!" and she tossed upon the ancient and well-worn page before him a sheet of parchment, and then another, to the very great astonishment and discomfiture of Monsieur Martini, notary, of Paris!

He hastily scanned the contents of the two documents, and then his eye ran quickly over the "records" in the old Bible. And then the wily notary—who had hitherto been unmanaged and unmanageable—asked:

"Who *is* this? What are these, madame?"

"Do not the records and the parchments explain themselves, monsieur?" queried the lady, coolly and triumphantly. "Is not monsieur sufficiently acquainted with such matters to comprehend the import of such precious missives as these?"

"But—madame—"

"Surely, monsieur the notary is lawyer enough to appreciate those papers! And may not Marie Denoir, *and her child*, now stands firmly upon their legal rights? Read again, monsieur, and answer me!"

"They are forgeries! Base, damnable cheats! I will arrest—I will force you to the proof—"

"You may do so, monsieur—and if you *dare* to attempt it, try it! Mark me, Martini—you have deceived us, harassed us, persecuted me and mine—long enough; and there is a terrible account for you to adjust, when I have the leisure to call you to do so! Prepare for the trial, then, and fortify yourself as best you may—for, as you now live, so surely must you answer for the guilt and trickery you have imposed upon us during the few past years of your wicked life."

"Madame—you are personal."

"So do I mean it. The diligence is at the portal. I am summoned away, for the time being, and I leave you to reflect upon the past, and to prepare for the future. Believe me, monsieur, I do not jest. You have most villanously abused your station and your power, and the hour of retribution is at hand!"

"Hear me, Marie Denoir!"

"Not a word further, monsieur, at present. I shall return to Paris, in one week from to-day. Till then, adieu!"

And with these final words, the lady secured the two parchments and the Bible, and retired from the apartment without further ceremony. Martini, astounded and chagrined—astounded at the information he had so suddenly and unexpectedly obtained, and chagrined at the prospect of being utterly and irredeemably vanquished, by the woman he had so long believed to be completely in his power—staggered out of the room, through the great hall, into the street—almost before he was aware of his own movements!

In a few minutes afterwards, Madame Denoir, with Flora Delmont at her side, took a seat in the carriage which awaited them, and they were quickly driven away to the north; while monsieur hurried to his office to reflect upon the dilemma he found himself placed in, and to attempt a counter movement for his defence.

"He is guilty," said Flora; "plainly, a guilty man."

"There can be no doubt of it, dear Flora," responded madame, "and we shall soon know how much our poor Elmir has suffered through his chicanery."

The vehicle rolled rapidly along—monsieur had ensconsed himself in his favorite room, in deep distress and alarm; and we will now explain the character of the evidence which had so suddenly turned up against that accomplished rogue.

CHAPTER XX.

THE OLD BIBLE, WHICH ELMIR INTENDED TO CONSULT, BUT WHICH HE NEGLECTED.

When Elmir Fonblanc retired from the mansion of Monsieur Bouvais, at the time he first learned of his demise, it will be recollected that he took with him simply the old Bible spoken of as his portion of his deceased uncle's fortune. Such was the declaration in monsieur's will—and he returned to school under the advice and promised protection of Madame Denoir—who assumed to take the place of monsieur, in Elmir's behalf, for the time being.

The boy was content under the circumstances; and he promised himself the pleasure, in the future, of consulting the good book thus left him—at his leisure. But, immediately after his return, it will also be remembered that his attention was taken up with other matters, and his good resolution was neglected. He laid the volume aside, and never examined it. When he left France upon his first voyage, he forwarded the Bible with some other trifles (as he deemed them) to madame's care; and, up to within the week previous to the interview just described, all had remained undisturbed in madame's possession.

When the account reached Toulon that Elmir was imprisoned, the lady for the first time since the youth's absence thought proper to examine the effects he had deposited with her. It might have been from mere womanish curiosity, or other causes might have prompted her to open the little box which contained the articles Elmir had forwarded to her care; but the result of her examination was far more than merely satisfactory—it was triumphant, indeed!

Upon opening the ancient Bible, she discovered a curiously made pocket in the cover, inserted below the edge of the volume, with its mouth towards the back of the book. And when she raised the side of this compartment, she found therein two small pieces of parchment, addressed to "Elmir Fonblanc, Paris," in the handwriting of Monsieur Bouvais, the former proprietor of the "Place Vandeau."

Very greatly to the surprise and joy of both madame and Flora, therefore—and as greatly to the astonishment and chagrin of the scoundrel Martini—these papers proved to be, first, an unconditional power of attorney to Marie Denoir, for the management of the interest during Elmir's minority, and secondly, a brief codicil to his original will (bearing date but three days), bequeathing to Elmir Fonblanc and Flora Delmont his whole vast estate! These cut off the authority of the notary, of course, and placed the property and its management in their rightful places.

But who were Elmir Fonblanc, and Flora Delmont—and why did Bouvais take this extraordinary interest in their welfare? We will now answer these two queries, which we presume the reader is anxious to be satisfied about.

The family record already alluded to, showed a very accurate account upon its pages of the lawful marriage of Monsieur Bouvais, of Paris, to Marie Denoir, of Versailles. For reasons already hinted at, in our previous chapters, Marie's family connections, though poor, were too proud to acknowledge this union—as the lady had in her views a stream of "noble blood." Monsieur was a commoner, but possessed an ample fortune. He won the proud woman, wedded her secretly, and she visited him, at Paris (as we have seen), for years, until his death.

The fruit of this union was but a single child—a fair and lovely daughter. This child was removed to the south, soon after its birth, and Madame Denoir only professed to be its guardian, among the strangers to whose charge her education and weal was committed. The lady provided for her in princely style, however—for the means of the father were ample, and having located and caused her to be reared amid luxury and display in the beautiful town of Toulon—she did not omit to give out, at every fitting opportunity, that the growing beauty would eventually become the possessor of immense wealth. At fourteen, then, this child—Flora Delmont, as she was called—was known in the best circles of the place in which she had resided so long, as the "*Heiress of Toulon.*"

The mother of Elmir Fonblanc was the second wife of Monsieur Bouvais's own brother. The parents of Elmir died during his extreme youth, and his uncle had taken it upon himself to protect and educate the orphan. When Elmir visited him at Paris, as it will be recollected he did twice in each month, for some years—the odd old gentleman often hinted to him that "he should be his heir." Elmir was too young to appreciate this repeated promise; and when his protector died, a train of circumstances at once occurred which prevented him from learning those details which subsequently proved of so deep an importance to him.

Madame Denoir conceived an affection for Elmir, at the outset; and she determined to place the youth in contact with Flora, with a view of bringing about a union between them, if possible, and thereby retaining the property of monsieur directly "in the family!" But, at the very commencement of *her* plan to effect this, the cunning Martini stepped in, with the determination to frustrate her, and to benefit himself at the same time. Matters proceeded, as we have already observed, thenceforward. The tact and cunning of the notary had been the cause for his success, thus far, but—at last—he found himself in close quarters, at the mercy of the trio whom he had so long endeavored to control, or vanquish, and he began to fear for the denouement which soon must follow.

The carriage which bore the two ladies towards Havre still rolled on and finally reached its destination in safety. It was early afternoon when the vehicle arrived, and as soon as madame could arrange for temporary lodgings for herself and Flora, she sent a messenger to the office of Monsieur Lemoine, attorney, with a request that he would wait upon her, at once, at her hotel. As may readily be conjectured, that gentleman was not to be found. His office was closed, and no one knew when he would return.

Madame desired to hear, from his own lips, an account of the attempted robbery which had been charged upon Elmir, and she had hoped, if there should appear the slightest real foundation for the alleged assault, that she should be able—through her ample pecuniary means—to induce the reputed aggrieved attorney to forego the further pursuit of the prosecution; and, by causing the absence from Havre of so important a witness against her young friend, to effect his discharge, for lack of evidence, when the day of trial should come round.

But in this good intention she was thwarted. Lemoine was absent from town, and she saw that some other course must be adopted—as she believed that he would of course return in season to appear against Elmir—in which event the chances were decidedly against her.

Martini, meantime, had concluded the finale to *his* plot—the details of which we will record in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARTINI'S FINAL PLANS. THE PROSPECT BEGINS TO DARKEN.

The notary's first determination was to proceed forthwith to Havre, put a bold face upon the matter, reassume his disguise as Lemoine, the crippled attorney, and appear against Elmir, at the trial. But, on a little farther reflection, his resolution was changed.

"If," argued the wily scoundrel to himself, while he sat in his own private room, at Paris, preparing for the future, "if there be any truth in appearances, and if the indications in the boy's countenance and manner be anything, it were no easy task to confront him in a court of justice! He is a bold fellow—that same young Fonblanc—and I shall not risk it. Nevertheless, my authority—my guardianship—but, I forget, again! All this is broken, superseded by those papers found in the old man's Bible! If I could but reach Elmir ere madame can confer with him—I would once more try his mettle. If I cannot induce him to aid me in my affair with Marie Denoir, I can at least leave Havre peremptorily—and *save myself!*"

Such were the villian's thoughts; and having turned the whole matter carefully over in his mind, he took post-horses at midnight, and followed in the wake of two ladies, reaching Havre a few hours after their arrival; where he sat himself quietly down, to watch for coming events, satisfied in his own mind, that he was yet equal to the rather, unpromising dilemma in which he so suddenly found himself precipitated.

As soon as madame ascertained that Lemoine was away from home, she ordered a carriage, to wait upon the commissary of the *arrondissement*, in which Elmir had been arrested; and having ascertained all that it was possible to learn in regard to his case, she repaired in company with Flora to that functionary's office, in the hope of affording relief to Elmir, through his influence, as soon as she could make known her business, and explain her friendly manner.

"The complaint, madame," said the officer, as soon as the lady had explained the object of her visit, "is a serious one. It was lodged against the young man by a legal gentleman of character and probity—"

"Lemoine?" asked the lady.

"Yes, madame. He is not an old resident among us, but he enjoys the confidence of some of our best citizens; and he is a correspondent of Monsieur Martini, notary at Paris—a gentleman whom we have occasion to esteem very highly here."

"You are acquainted with Martini, then?" asked the lady doubtfully.

"Yes, madame—by repute."

"He is well thought of, in Havre?"

"Very well, madame."

"Then am I surprised."

"And why, pray?"

"Martini is a villian, monsieur!"

"How, madame!" exclaimed the official, peremptorily, starting from his seat; "Martini, the notary! Why, no man in France stands better in our esteem than Monsieur Martini."

"No man in France, then, is less of a man, and none deserves the community's contempt and scorn more thoroughly, than this same Martini," said the lady firmly.

"I am at a loss, madame," continued the officer, "to comprehend your charge against this man—but I assure you that the information you have vouchsafed shall be entertained."

"You may rely on my words, monsieur," responded madame, "and I have now to ask if you will permit me to communicate with a prisoner under your control, named Fonblanc, of Paris?"

"Fonblanc?"

"Yes, monsieur—Elmir Fonblanc; who is accused of having attempted a robbery of the premises of one Lemoine the attorney, of *la Rue de la Platte.*"

"Ah, I remember—yes. A young man, evidently of talent and acquirements, and one who should have comported himself differently, even under his adverse circumstances."

"He is innocent, monsieur!" said madame, warmly. "I am *sure* he is innocent of the foul charge made against him."

"Can you prove this, too, madame?

"I—I—hope to be able—that is, monsieur, I am his friend—*we* are his friends," added the lady, pointing to Flora; "and if we might be allowed to see him, I am certain that such explanations may be made to the authorities as shall entirely exonerate him from suspicion."

"It is not our custom—"

"I am aware, monsieur, that you do not ordinarily permit a conference with your prisoners, but I am *Marie Denoir.* Among the letters that have been made a part of this case, are several of my own, which I suspect, with good reason, fell into the hands of the attorney through foul means—as I will endeavor to make it appear; and if this prove to be so, I am confident that other circumstances will transpire, and be made clear, in reference to Fonblanc's arrest which will show that he is the victim of a most unrighteous conspiracy. May I see Fonblanc, monsieur?"

"You shall, madame."

"When, monsieur?"

"At once, if you will."

"Thanks, monsieur," said both of the ladies, rising; and the commissary rang his bell, directly. The subordinate who entered was instructed to proceed at once to the prison, and inform the keeper that permission had been granted to the strangers to communicate with Elmir Fonblanc; and within the next hour the carriage of Madame Denoir stood before the door of their friend's wretched quarters.

During the period which had elapsed since the return of Elmir's messenger to him, with the unwelcome intelligence that his old friends could not be found either in Paris or Toulon, the unfortunate prisoner had suffered great mental pain and mortification. He knew how unfounded were the gross charges against him, and he felt a consciousness of innocence which had buoyed him up, in the early days of his incarceration; but when the courier returned to him, with the information that Madame Denoir could not be seen, he despaired of his liberty. All the circumstances were against him! If the scoundrel lawyer should appear against him, in court, he could not reply to him—and his fate seemed to be sealed, for the present!

In the midst of Elmir's fears, his hopes, and his reflections—the turnkey, who had thus far been exceedingly kind to him, since his imprisonment, called at the window to say that a stranger wished to see him. Elmir suspected nothing, and forthwith desired that he might be admitted. His astonishment was profound, when, a moment afterward, he arose to receive his visitor, and saw before him the person of Martini, the notary, of Paris! Before Fonblanc had time to recover from the shock occasioned by the unwelcome presence of this intruder, the attendant cried "fifteen minutes, monsieur!" and departed; when Elmir found himself alone with the first, and last, and sole cause of all his troubles and mishaps, thus far in life!

"I trust you are well, Elmir," said the villian, with provoking calmness.

"What brings you here, monsieur?" demanded Elmir, coldly. "Is it not enough that you should have occasioned my incarceration—is it not sufficient that you have caused me to be placed in this dungeon—or, must I be forced again to confer with a wretch who has forfeited all claim to forbearance, and whose presence I loathe?"

"No more hard words, Elmir. We may speak in quiet, if you will; and, should I find you disposed to listen to good advice, you may profit largely from this interview," said Martini, "notwithstanding the foolish and perverse course of conduct you have pursued towards me."

"I desire no favor at your hands, monsieur—be sure of it!" said Elmir, firmly. "You have accused me, villainously—you have traduced and ensnared me, for your own personal ends—I am in peril, I know—but I will patiently abide the result of the investigation yet to come."

"But you may escape—"

"Not through *your* influence, surely."

"I tell you it is in *my* power to release you, Elmir."

"So it may be, *to help yourself*, monsieur; but I will no longer be your dupe."

"Madame Denoir has heard of your arrest—"

"*Has she!*" exclaimed Elmir, half mad with joy at this news, though Martini did not understand why he was so quickly elated.

"Has madame heard of it? Then am I safe! What ho! Guard—guard! Guard!" shouted the youth, fiercely, through his grating. "Guard, I say!"

"Hold! Elmir," said Martini, seizing the youth by the arm; "what would you do?"

"Guard!" still shouted Elmir, stoutly; and the guard soon made his appearance, to learn what was the cause of the disturbance.

"Remove this man, forwith," continued Elmir, addressing the turnkey. "He is my enemy! He it is who has driven me to this dungeon! He is the cause of my misery—and he comes hither to tempt me to fly from custody. Remove him on the instant!"

The door was instantly opened, and while the notary smiled upon the officer in attendance, he dropped a louis d'or into his hand, and recommended that a strict eye be kept upon Fonblanc—who was plainly mad!

The turnkey nodded—pocketed the gold—and the persecutor departed as he came.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SEAWEEDS.

Many of our readers at the seaside will be glad of a few words of advice as to what they should do with these sad treasures when gathered from their ocean bed.

In the first place the counsel may be given to collect as few seaweeds at a time as you can afford, according to your stay in any locality, and to put them either in an oilskin bag or a tin can with sea-water; for these flowers of the sea fade, and even decompose marvellously fast, when roughly handled or carelessly gathered. The best time for collecting is in the early morning, when, on your return, there is leisure for immediately laying them out. If you come home overtired, and leave them until next day, the chances are that one half of them will be spoilt. The finest and rarest specimens are found in the lowest tide-pools, or cast up after a storm; but even at high tide the seaside naturalist will find most pleasant occupation and delightful surprise, if with a microscope he investigates those very small specimens which are too insignificant for the lady's album, and finds such form and color, provision and harmony, as the Almighty Creator conceals from the unseeing eye, to reveal to our patient and intelligent research.

Supposing, however, that we have searched a few tide-pools, and brought home a tangled mass of olive, red, and green sea-weeds; we get some soup plates, fresh water, a bit of alum, and some camel-hair pencils, to assist in disentangling the mass. Of course we are provided with paper cut into large and small squares; and, as much of the beauty of the specimens depends on the quality of the paper, it should be fine, and at the same time stout, almost as good as drawing paper. Now float a piece of weed in fresh water; if very dirty or sandy, wash it first, and in renewed water float it on a piece of paper supported by your left hand, whilst with your right hand you arrange the plant in a natural manner, using a mounted needle or porcupine quill, and thinning out the superabundant branches with a fine pointed pair of scissors. When the specimen is placed as you like it, cautiously raise the paper, that the position of the plant be not altered, and let it rest somewhere with sloping inclination, that the moisture may run off whilst other specimens are treated in the same way.

Do not leave them long thus, for they must be pressed before the paper is dry. A convenient traveling press consists of two pieces of deal board about two feet long and one foot wide, a couple of quires of whity-brown paper, and a double strap, such as we use for railway wrappers. Lay blotting-paper between the coarser paper, and you can strap them closely and carry your seaweed very safely in your hand. In drying them you must have old linen or fine muslin, old and soft, to lay upon the weed and prevent its sticking to the upper paper; but do not leave it beyond a day or so, lest it leave checkered marks upon the surface of the weed, especially those with broad fronds.

Experience will give the best lessons. Some seaweeds which are glutinous, must not be pressed at all, but laid out to dry; and, when perfectly on, then moisten the under side of the paper, and give a gentle pressure only. Others will not adhere to the paper, and therefore, when dry, brush them over with a little isinglass dissolved in gin, (laid on warm,) and they will then be fixed closely to the cardboard or paper. Another preparation is one ounce of oil of turpentine, in which some gum mastic, the size of a nutmeg, has been dissolved. This gives a gloss to the specimen, and helps to preserve the color.

You must change the blotting-paper and muslin at least twice during the process of drying the larger sea-weeds; the smaller ones will be ready in a couple of days for the album, on the second day giving heavy pressure by stones and weights besides the strap. As to arrangement, this is quite a matter of taste. Some form the weeds into wreaths, some in bunches, either with an imitation basket painted on cardboard, cut out and put on to cover the stems, or with a very fine small basket cut in half and placed in the same manner. A flat shell is also sometimes used. Locality and date should be always appended, and the name also if possible.

FIRST THINGS.—The first paper mill in this country, the first public school, the first art association, the first public library, the first hospital, the first medical university, and the first bank and insurance company were founded in Philadelphia. The first stove was made near the city; the first Bible was printed here; the first lightning-rod was put up by Franklin, at his residence Second and Race streets; the first piano was manufactured in this city, and the first steam vessel was run on the Delaware.

THERE are problematic natures unfit for every condition in which they are placed, and satisfied with none. Thence arises the monstrous conflict which consumes life without enjoyment.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

Pity the children of the poor,
Who've never plucked the daisies,
Who've never watched the skylark soar,
Or heard it sing its praises;
Who've never trod the fresh green sward,
Or rambled by the river—
They need a holiday, ye rich,
And heaven rewards the giver!

Pity the little pattering feet
That swarm in fetid alleys,
And grimy hands that might be sweet
'Mid cowslips of the valleys!
Pale lips that may grow rosy red
Where fresh free breezes quiver—
Provide a holiday, ye rich,
And Heaven reward the giver!

Pity the little bright blue eyes
That never saw the ocean,
Or gazed with innocent surprise
At wild waves in commotion.
Send—send them forth one happy day
To hill or sea or river;
'Tis great to them, but small to you,
And Heaven reward the giver!

From healthful joy comes wholesome thought
And sense of nature's beauty,
And mid instruction, wisdom fraught,
Of pity and of duty;
All withered in the noisome slums!
Deliver them, deliver!
'Twill cost you little, oh, ye rich,
And God reward the giver.

—*Charles Mackay.*

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 46. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

The church-clock struck five, the inevitable tea-time: and Naomi turned to leave the wilderness, where the patriarchal ferns were already brown and yellow, while younger varieties still retained their tender green.

They went back to the house by the long straight pathway between the borders of rose bushes and old-fashioned autumn flowers, which bounded the neat expanse of vegetables, in carefully kept rows, the celery-bed which already breathed forth its aromatic odor, the dark leaves of beet-root, and straggling winter kail. Oswald felt a mild curiosity about the preacher's new wife. He was slightly amused at this revelation of human weakness in the reserved and dignified Joshua, a man who had seemed to occupy a higher stage of life than that on which human weakness have sway. He followed Naomi into the house; and stood close behind her as she opened the parlor-door, and, looking over her shoulder, saw Joshua's wife.

Cynthia was kneeling by the newly lighted fire, with her straw bonnet hanging over her arm, just as she had come in from the nutting expedition; her loosened hair falling a little over her face, her cheeks flushed to a delicate carnation by air and exercise, her eyes looking dreamily at the bright flames leaping up from the newly kindled wood—a pretty picture, assuredly, concentrating all the light in the dusky room. The tea-things were laid, but the family had not yet assembled. Cynthia was alone.

She started up as Naomi entered with her lover, and stood before them shyly, too much abashed by a stranger's presence for speech.

"I hope you enjoyed your ramble?" said Naomi kindly.

"The wood was lovely. It was very kind of your brother to take me there."

"I think it was kind of you to go with him. This is Mr. Pentreath; I—I have told him about my father's marriage."

Cynthia courtesied, and Oswald held out his hand, at which she gave him hers shyly, never having shaken hands with any one so different from the young men of Penmoyle, whose hands were always red and inclined to coarseness, and who breathed hard in society. She was not awed or impressed by Oswald's appearance as she had been by Joshua Haggard's dark and earnest face, but she considered him highly ornamental. Oswald was surprised by this delicate and flower-like beauty. He had expected to see a pretty young woman, buxom and good-tempered, with rosy cheeks adorned by large bunches of curls, not innocent of bergamot-scented pomatum, coral earrings, perhaps, and one of those velvet head-bands which he so heartily detested: the kind of young woman he had seen in a tobacconist's shop at Exeter.

He looked at Cynthia silently, lost in wonder. Where could Joshua Haggard have discovered this gracious creature? It was as if he had come unawares into that homely parlor and found Milton's Sabrina or Ovid's Daphne standing by the hearth.

Mr. Haggard came in presently, followed by his sister. He gave his wife a little look of greeting which was full of quiet tenderness, and then welcomed his future son-in-law with a hearty shake-hands.

"You see I have stolen a march upon you, Oswald," he said. "At my age a man does not care to make a fuss about getting married; and I knew that Naomi and you would give my wife an affectionate welcome. I had no occasion to stipulate for that beforehand."

Cynthia had slipped away to carry her bonnet upstairs. She had been too well trained by the Miss Weblings not to know that a bonnet flung carelessly on a chair in the family sitting-room would be an offence to Aunt Judith. She came back breathless, with her hair neatly arranged, and took her seat by her husband's side, but not before Miss Haggard had exclaimed:

CHAPTER XIV.

"TROP BELLE POUR MOI, VOILA MON TREPAS."

The actual machinery of life, the common details of domestic existence, underwent little change after Joshua Haggard's second marriage, and the introduction of a fair girl-wife into the sober household. The change was in the minds of the household, not in outward things. Aunt Judith abated no jot or tittle of her authority. Her assumption of her accustomed post at the tea-table upon the evening of Cynthia's arrival was symbolical of her maintenance of supreme authority in all domestic matters. She did not even offer to surrender the keys of those awful and impenetrable repositories in which she kept the jams and jellies, the pickles and home-made wines, and all those items which, in Jim's opinion, gave savor and relish to life—the ornamental margin of existence's daily needs, like the labyrinthine scroll-work and illumination which border the texts of a mediæval Bible. She retained supreme authority in the kitchen; and this young wife's coming did not benefit her step-son by so much as an extra pudding on week-days, or a currant cake flavored with saffron, and of that golden hue his soul loved, on Sundays.

Before Cynthia had been established in her new home for the space of a week she had discovered that her domestic duties and rights were alike usurped by another, that in yielding the tea-pot she had given up her place in her husband's home. This was a disappointment; for in her happy dreams of life with Joshua she had seen herself ministering to him, providing for his comforts, working with those busy clever hands of hers for his small needs and simple luxuries, lending new graces and pleasures to his daily life, were they but the smallest things, such as a bunch of fresh flowers on his breakfast-table, or a dish of light cakes at tea-time. She had a natural taste for and love of household work—a handiness in all womanly offices which had won her the approval of her mistresses at Penmoyle; and to be shut out of these offices was a hardship she felt keenly.

Not one word of complaint was ever spoken by her, or Joshua would have promptly transferred the domestic sceptre. She was by nature submissive, and the experience of her brief life had made obedience a habit. She bowed her neck to Judith's yoke, and resigned her simple household privileges without a murmur. Joshua thought it right, no doubt, or he would not look on approvingly. She did not know that Joshua—whose temporal and spiritual duties filled his time and thoughts to overflowing—had never thought about the matter at all. She remembered what he had said on that first evening—"Let there be peace in the household, and no foolish fuss about trifles;" and she accepted this speech as a command. Any opposition to Aunt Judith would be rebellion against her husband.

Cynthia's position in the family, therefore, seemed rather that of daughter than wife. She sat by her husband's side at meals; she spent her mornings in needlework, and her afternoons in serious reading, or occasionally in a ramble on the sea-shore or in the woods with Jim. She would have been better pleased to accompany her husband on his pastoral visits to distant homesteads and cottages, but Joshua told her gently that her presence would be out of place on such occasions. She taught in Mr. Haggard's Sunday-school, held in a roomy loft at the top of the chapel. She often went to read to the sick and aged among her husband's flock, delighted to be of some use in this manner; but these occupations left a wide margin of her life to be filled somehow: and there were afternoon hours in which she sat with the Bible or Baxter open before her, and her thoughts wandering far from the text.

There were some sad thoughts mingled with her full contentment in an union which had seemed to her royal and triumphant as Esther's bridal with Ahasuerus. She had been quick to perceive the consternation her appearance had occasioned on that first evening; and she was conscious that beneath Judith's cold civility and somewhat exaggerated politeness there lurked a disapproving spirit that was not to be conciliated. Let her be never so assiduous to please her husband's sister, Judith would never love her; and, more than this, Judith had contrived to let her know, without any apparent unkindness of intention, that Joshua's marriage had lowered him in the esteem of his flock.

"We can't all be apostles and martyrs," said Judith; "but folks expected a great deal of my brother. 'He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord,' and he that's married doesn't. St. Paul says that pretty plain, you see; there's no getting away from the right meaning of his words. And people will naturally cast that up at my brother—marrying a second time, and a girl younger than his daughter. I don't blame you, my dear. I dare say if you'd thought of these things you'd have said no, especially as your own inclination would have led you to prefer a younger man."

"I could never have loved or honored any one as I love and honor my husband," protested Cynthia, flushing with anger at the suggestion.

"Ah," sighed Judith, with a world of significance, "of course it was a great thing for you to come to such a home as this, and a husband as comfortably off as my brother. It isn't many young women in service that get as well provided for."

"I hope you don't think—" cried Cynthia eagerly.

"I trust I'm too much of a Christian to think evil of any one," replied Aunt Judith with dignity. "I'm thinking what *other* people will say. You can't stop their tongues. If they choose to say that my brother Joshua was led away from his own principles and the first of Corinthians by a pretty face, and that you married him for the sake of a home, there's no law in the land to hinder 'em from having their say."

Thus for the first time in her life Cynthia heard of that invisible and irresponsible tribunal which is always sitting outside our doors; and was taught to feel that it was not to her Creator and her own conscience alone she had to answer, but that she ought also to shape her acts to meet the views of other people; other people would measure her acts by their standard, sound the depths of her heart with their plummet; and unheard, undefended, ignorant alike of her indictment and her sentence, she would be convicted and condemned.

This was a chilling revelation to one as innocent of life's complexities as Miranda or Perdita. One of the few lessons in the world's bitter school which Cynthia had thoroughly learned was to endure undeserved affliction patiently. She bore Aunt Judith's sharp stings and quiet stabs as meekly as she had borne ill-usage from the tyrants of her childhood. But she felt her punishment none the less keenly; and already, ere she had been married a month, began to ask herself if Joshua had verily done wisely in marrying her, and whether it would not have been better for her to have gone on worshipping him at a distance all her life, spending her tranquil industrious days in the little kitchen at Penmoyle, doing her duty, and being praised for faithful service, among people who were in no wise scandalised by her existence. It had been a very monotonous life, containing little for memory to dwell on,

offering still less for hope to build upon; and the river of life, which youth would fain sail upon, is a bright and swiftly flowing current—not a tideless canal. But it had been a life full of peace, and already in this new life there had come a feeling which was not peace. Unhappily, Judith's christianlike and candid remarks upon popular feeling at Combhollow were sustained by a foundation of truth. The minister's congregation did not contemplate his second marriage with entire approval. They were not prepared to take his youthful flaxen-haired wife to their hearths and bosoms with any warmth of affection. She would be invited out to tea, of course, and best tea-pots would be taken out of their chamois-leather enfoldings, and amber-hued cakes would be baked for her regalement; but there would be little heartiness in her reception—it would be ceremonial and civic only, like the welcome of a foreign princess when the nation feels their prince has made a foolish or insignificant choice.

There were so many things to be said against this marriage of Joshua Haggard's. In the first place, why marry at all? In the second, if he must needs marry, why not choose one of his own flock—a comfortable widow for instance—and there were several comfortable widows among the Bethelites—whose antecedents would be patent to everybody at Combhollow, whose life from the cradle upwards would be as well-known to the community as the pattern of her parlor carpet, or the furniture in her best bedroom? Such a marriage, though unspiritual, and, in somewise, depositing the ideal pastor, would at least have recommended itself to the more practical members of the congregation as prudent and suitable.

Whatever disappointment such a marriage might have caused in those loftier minds which had elevated the preacher and teacher into the Saint and Apostle—minds to be found chiefly among the spinsters of Joshua's flock—it could hardly have occasioned scandal; but this unannounced, unexplained union with an unknown young woman from the far West of Cornwall—a girl who had worked in the mines, perhaps, and worn unholy attire, and toiled shoulder-to-shoulder with rough barbarians, speaking a strange tongue—this was enough to inspire unpleasant doubts in the minds of Joshua's congregation, to call all their prejudices to arms against the fair intruder.

Who was she—supposing that she had not worked in the mines? Who was she? whence came she? to whom belonged she?—questions to which no one could supply any categorical or satisfactory answer, though speculative answers and suggestions were to be had in abundance. Whence came this wandering rumor, traceable to no particular source, yet in everybody's mouth, that Joshua had found his young wife by the wayside, a beggar, with bare feet, houseless, friendless, not even knowing the name of her kindred, or the place of her birth, nor on what parish she might fasten her helplessness; the merest waif upon the stream of life? This notion could hardly have arisen from any imprudent communicativeness upon the part of Aunt Judith, for, when sounded by solicitous friends upon the subject of her brother's marriage, that lady had refrained from all expression of opinion save such dumb, inscrutable movements as shoulder-shrugs, elevation of the eyebrows, lips tightly drawn, and head shaken with a solemn significance. Whatever this dumb-show meant, Combhollow felt assured that it meant a great deal, and meant no good.

There was a general and growing conviction that Joshua had acted foolishly, if not wickedly, in marrying this strange young woman. "How are the mighty fallen!" cried the Bethelites; and in their lamentations over the degradation of their pastor, they indulged in a great deal of Scriptural language to his disadvantage. Perhaps the value of our Bible never comes so fully home to us as when we quote it against our erring neighbor. It was felt that Joshua held the same position in Combhollow that David must have occupied in Jerusalem after that lamentable episode in the princely life which brought greatness to the level of the sinful herd. The preacher read disapproval in the faces of his flock on the first Sabbath after his marriage; he discovered a coldness, an alteration in the tone of those customers at the shop who were of his congregation. His Church of England patrons, on the contrary, congratulated him heartily upon his marriage, and praised his wife's pretty face in the friendliest manner. But they had never canonised the pastor; they contemplated him solely in his aspect as a general dealer; and what more natural, what more distinctly human, than that a well-to-do grocer should beautify the autumn of his life with the charms and graces of a young wife?

Joshua saw the change in his flock, and his heart rebelled against their hardness. Pride sustained him—a manly and honest pride, and a spiritual pride, which told him that he was better than the best of those who presumed to sit in judgment upon him. Who among them had toiled for the good cause as he had done? Who, among these professing Methodists, had trodden in the footsteps of the great founder of Methodism as he had trodden, faithfully imitating that pious man's asceticism and self-denial? And were these people, whom he had served so faithfully, for whose spiritual welfare he had labored so hard, to turn the light that he had kindled against him, to distort the law he had taught them, in order to pass an iniquitous sentence upon their teacher? He felt these cold looks and altered greetings keenly as a deep injustice, and shut himself up in the armor of offended pride. God had given him this infinite blessing—the love of a pure and lovely woman—and was man's malice to poison his cup of bliss? No, he told himself. He could live without the world's regard. He had never served mankind for their own sake, and he could dispense with their affection. In his prayers and sermons at this time of estrangement he raised himself so far above the level of daily life and earthly ills, that there was no taint of personal feeling to be perceived in any of his words, no murmur against man's injustice crept into his communion with God. Never had his teaching been clearer or more elevated; never were his prayers more fervent. Into that spiritual world of which he possessed the key neither worldly malice nor worldly misconception could follow him.

Again, at the worst, were his flock never so ungrateful, he knew of one listener whose mute enthusiasm was in itself sufficient for inspiration. If he had not been able, of his own unassisted strength, to lift up his soul to the very gates of heaven, that look of Cynthia's, as she sat in the narrow little pew just under the square box of a pulpit, would have been the source of pure imaginings and holy thoughts. His Sabbaths were now such blessed days; for all the time he did not owe to duty he gave to his young wife. They walked together by that lovely sea which in its jewel-like coloring so often recalled the Oriental imagery of Holy Writ. They talked together of spiritual things, with a fond familiarity which is natural to those whose only poetry, whose only knowledge of the beautiful, has been drawn from Scripture. Cynthia's greatest delight at this time was to hear her husband talk of his youthful career, his discouragements and successes, his alternate despair and triumph; those hysterical gusts of enthusiasm in the newly-converted which had promised so much, those chilling disappointments caused by backsliding in his brightest disciples, the sudden going out of the sacred fire.

Perfectly blessed in such perfect love, Joshua, was able to live his own life with supreme indifference as to the opinion of the outside world; and this independence of feeling speedily revealing itself to the flock, there was a general sense of disappointment at the discovery that Mr. Haggard had not been crushed by their disapproval, and then the cold looks began to give place to friendly smiles and salutations, as of old. The pastor was complimented on his last sermon; the more select of the community were pressing in their invitations to tea-parties of a ceremonious character.

Joshua, who had felt his affections outraged, was not so easily to be won back to the pleasant path of brotherly love. He rejected all invitations to tea, responded coldly to the warmest salutations, and heard men's praises of his eloquence unmoved. But in all pastoral duties he was faithful, as of old; ministered to the sick, taught in his school, gave three evenings a week to a class of young men belonging to the laboring community, who met in the loft over the chapel for serious reading and conversation by the light of two dip candles, and joined in a hymn before they separated. It may be supposed, therefore, that, with the exception of those tranquil Sabbath hours between the services, there was not much time left for him to devote to his young wife, and that Cynthia had plenty of leisure in which to meditate upon things spiritual and temporal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENTLE WOMAN.

A New Orleans paper thus describes a recent rather animated spectacle witnessed at the Opera House in that city, on the occasion of the opening of the doors for a matinee, and says it was a most impressive exhibition of woman's force of character:

There were at least 400 ladies, and they were crowded up against the entrance and on the stairways like sardines in a box, while they struggled and watched and grew feverishly impatient for the first chance to rush wildly into the auditorium. Mr. McKenna accordingly effected unusual precautions in preparing for the rush which he knew would come when the doors were opened. Those familiar with the Opera House interior will recollect the square inclosure through which visitors pass to the theatre after entering the outer door. Well, against the wooden fence around this inclosure Mr. stationed eighteen men, with instructions to brace firmly against it. The eighteen being well braced, and all being solidly fixed, Mr. gave the signal to open the doors. With a roar, a rush, and a sweep like the irresistible whirlwind, the ladies moved into the small space of that small inclosure. Like the waves of an angry sea they bore down upon the noble eighteen, and lo! in a trice, the noble eighteen were not. They were cut down in a flesh, along with the frail fence, and over their prostrate bodies screaming, shouting women rushed into the auditorium, as if life had but one mission, one purpose, one ambition, and that to provide each woman with a front seat. The youths whose business it was to take tickets took no tickets just then, for they went down in the general wreck. McKenna would have said something appropriate to the occasion, but unhappily he was also wrecked, absolutely lying on the floor, and women stepping all over him, as if he were a Brussels carpet, instead of a nobby young theatrical manager. As the ladies rushed along in that sweeping tide, they recognized the fact that the ticket takers were a trifle off, and, so throwing their tickets to the four winds, they gave the atmosphere the picturesque appearance of being principally composed of bits of flying pasteboard.

HOW A BABY WAKES.

Did you ever watch a dear little baby waking from its morning nap? It is one of the prettiest sights in the world. There is the crib with its small preparations and snow-white drapery that covers something, outlined, round and plump. There is nothing to reveal what it is; not the slightest movement of the pillowed whiteness that is visible—no sound to indicate keenest actual life, until the hour hand of the clock that stands sentinel, like yourself, has twice made its circuit. Then there is a slight pulsing in the white drapery, a small, pink, tremulous hand, fair as a rosebud, is thrust out, and from the nest thus broken into appears a round diminutive face, with wide open eyes that have not much speculation in them yet. Soon, however, they cease to stare, and become questioning serious, as if wondering what kind of a world they open upon; and the head lifts itself just a little, and two snow white feet stand up spasmodically, with a simultaneous movement, each one of which has an attendant dimple. But the head is too heavy—it falls back on the pillow with its own sweet weight, the hair all damp and golden—the cheeks peachy—the mouth pouted, as if angels kissed it in dreams. The first lingering go-o-o comes from its rosy depths, sweeter than any bird's song, for it has a spirit tone and yet retains a thrill of its native skies. The chubby hands are lifted imploringly, persuasively—the baby, awake, ceases to be an angel.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God will it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Cheerfully burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—Oh, beautiful sleep!

CENTENNIALIS SENTENTIÆ.

NUMBER III.

BY W. R. BIERLY.

A reader of the general chronicles of the country would be apt to infer that Pennsylvania had but little to do with the great struggle for Independence, outside, of her own limits. This is a mistake very generally made by compilers of history. The records of this State, as yet undisturbed by the genius of a Headley or a Collier, will show that the efforts of Pennsylvania were as great on the soil of sister States as those of any other, to say the least. We have seen where Pennsylvanians stood when Liberty wept tears of blood on Long Island's hills, and where that night of gloom fell as heavy as the Hudson fog, upon the little patriot band, that anxiously looked to Washington and heaven for deliverance.

It remains to be told what befel the brave men who survived the leaden storm. Those who were taken prisoners were cast into the noisome "Jersey" prison ship or were pent up in warehouses of New York, where they suffered untold ills. A large proportion of the sufferers whose lives were given up in those slaughter-houses, belonged to Pennsylvania, and had marched bouyantly forth from Philadelphia, a few months before. The heart of humanity had been made to bleed, at the recital of the horrors which were endured in "the Black Hole" at Calcutta, but what was that compared with the slow emaciation by starvation and foul, malarious air, in the "Jersey" hulk, where no less than ten thousand American soldiers died the slow death of torture, during the war.

The purpose of this harsh treatment was two-fold: First, to subdue the spirits of the American soldiers and force them into obedience to the royal wish. Second, to deprive the patriots of able-bodied men such as these prisoners would have been, had they been well treated and exchanged in due time. But the greater is the honor which we owe the memory of those martyrs, who would not turn traitors to their country's cause, though they suffered the tortures of gnawing disease and hunger, within sight of great plenty. We cannot pay their memory too high a tribute. No spot is more appropriate for a monument to American patriotism than the locality where the prisoners of the revolution suffered martyrdom for Liberty's sake.

Some time after the retreat from Long Island, another choice band of Pennsylvanians were added to the lists of those who were dying in the prisons of the enemy. They were the valiant troops, captured at Fort Washington, a post established on the upper part of Manhattan Island some months before; and the account of their heroic conduct will bear the touch of a stronger pen than has yet essayed to write it.

Two forts had been built to command the Hudson, Fort Lee West, and Fort Washington, east of the river. Both were strengthened, and much of the hard work was done by the Pennsylvania militia, under the supervision of General Mifflin, assisted by Colonel Robert Magaw, who had led a regiment of Scotch-Irish from the Cumberland Valley, and by Cols. Lambert, Cadwallader and Brodhead. When it became necessary for the American army to withdraw from the island, it was determined at a council of war to augment the garrisons of these two forts and hold them if possible. Colonel Magaw was left in command of Fort Washington, with about 2,700 most of whom were Pennsylvanians, men, and among them were numbers of the first families in Philadelphia. It was a perilous post. The whole British army, numbering more than six times as many men as Magaw had, could be hurled against it, and the main American army, under Washington, lying on the West side of the Hudson could afford no aid. The prominent Pennsylvania officers, such as General Joseph Reed, protested against the desperate measure, but their voice was overruled by the New England chieftains, and nothing was to be done but to wait and see how well that band of citizen warriors could hold the British veterans at bay. They had not long to wait. The 16th of November came. As the swift-flying clouds, by turns, cast their shadows before the rising sun of that red morning, the veterans of King George III, advanced in four deep columns of infantry, to surround the fort. The regular squares, brilliant uniforms and burnished arms of that trained and pampered host presented a sight calculated to awe if not terrify the soldiers of the garrison who were unused to war and its dreadful work. But not one of the devoted defenders quailed at the gathering of the crimson clouds on the north, east and south. Magaw's men stood well to their guns and their trenches. The summons to surrender was firmly rejected. Then burst the storm of battle on every side. With right fierce defiance did Fort Washington answer the haughty command of royalty. Every outpost was defended with an obstinacy born of freedom. But the defenders fought at a disadvantage; their numbers were too great to give them proper shelter from the cross-fire of the British columns, and the fort was soon crowded, when the outposts once become untenable. The deadly aim of our marksmen once, twice and thrice sent the royal columns reeling back in bloody, sickly terror, but fresh troops came forward to fill up the gaps, and the maddened foe pressed on. Grape and canister tore from side to side with destructive energy. At one of the American guns, a Pennsylvanian named Corbin dropped dead and his wife, Margaret, resolutely stepped up and filled her dead husband's place until she, too, fell, wounded in three places, by British canister. (This woman afterwards drew a pension from the State.)

The ammunition of the Americans was nearly used up, the outposts were all driven in, and in the momentary pause which ensued, another summons to surrender was read to the brave commander of the fort. This too was refused. Another desperate assault, another pitting of valor against discipline and numbers, while blood ran in trenches, and the reduced band succumbed.

The skill and determination with which the garrison fought was proven in blood, for 1,200 of the British had fallen dead or wounded, before the fort succumbed. The American loss was about 400 killed and wounded. The remainder were captured and many, alas! never again saw their homes, for they soon slept in the pitiless graves that yawned by the side of the British water dungeon.

Fort Washington lost, Fort Lee followed; the New England troops went home; the New York militia were required up the Hudson, and Washington, stripped of the Pennsylvania soldiers he so much needed, was compelled to fly southward almost alone. Thus came the chill blasts of December upon the great cause of '76; and what State had suffered more than Pennsylvania, though as yet, no hostile foot had intruded upon her boundaries?

Can the historian of this year pass over the fields of battle, extolling Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga and Quebec, and forget to laud the heroism of those men who gave their lives in the darkest days of the cause? Let justice now be done Pennsylvania, for it may appear that, as she is the Keystone of the Union of States, she may also have been the Keystone of the Confederacy which took thirteen jewels out of the crown of a mad king.

CAN'T AFFORD TO MARRY.

There are thousands of young men in any of our large cities to-day who cannot afford to marry—that is they cannot afford to marry—the average city girl with her passions for dress, and bonnets and jewelry. That is what they say. Possibly a little frank consultation between the two would pave the way to explanation and satisfactory arrangements: but how to have such consultation? There's the rub. Because there is not a particle of doubt that the thousands of girls and at least a goodly number of young men would be willing to make some personal sacrifices to attain marriage. Thus, if they could only frankly approach the subject. Henry might say to Amelia:

"It's too bad; but the fact is, a young man cannot afford a wife nowadays."

And Amelia would very likely respond:

"I can't see why they cannot as well afford them now as a few years ago; and they used to get married, you must admit."

And Henry rejoins:

"Women are so expensive now. That's the trouble. Just look at it. I get $1,200 a year. Now, how can I support a wife on $1,200? Why, it costs me all of that to live myself."

"But see how you live," responds Amelia.

"Not extravagantly," says Henry. "I pay $8 a week for board; that's—let me see—eight and two are ten; eight times five are forty, and one is forty-one—four hundred and ten dollars a year."

"Which leaves you," interrupts Amelia, "$790 a year. Now, what do you do with this remainder?"

"Well," says Henry, "there are my clothes—and—and—"

"Cigars," adds Amelia.

"Yes."

"And buggy rides."

"Yes."

"And drinks."

"Ah—tut—hardly ever anything of that kind you know," says Henry.

"Well, I hope not. But what do you do with the money otherwise? A man's clothes don't cost him much."

"Don't they!" exclaimed Henry. "You just try it."

"Well," says Amelia, "how much now?"

"Well," says the young man, thoughtfully, "there's an everyday suit for winter, say $60. There's a dress suit for parties, $75. There's two suits for summer and fall and spring, $80. There are hats, caps, gloves, hosiery, etc., $40; boots and shoes, $35; and—well how much is that?"

"Two hundred and ninety dollars," responds the ready Amelia.

"Say three hundred," responds Henry.

"Very well; that leaves $400. What do you do with the rest?"

"Well there's car-fare, say $50."

"Yes."

"Amusements, $100.

"Yes,"

"And—well, let me see—church donations, say $25.

"Yes, we'll say $25. Well."

"Carriage hire, $60."

"Well."

"Cigars! I am pretty moderate there—say $100. How much does the total amount to now?"

"Ten hundred and fifty-five dollars. You see there are over $150 to be accounted for."

"Well, a feller don't spend all his money, you know; besides, there are holiday presents and a lot of little traps that I cannot now remember."

"Yes, I see. No doubt the articles mentioned would swell the amount to $1,200," says Amelia, rather sadly.

"Don't you see, now," remarks Henry, "that I cannot afford a wife?"

"You surely couldn't unless expenses could be reduced," replies Amelia.

"But, instead of being reduced, they would be doubled," says he.

"Oh! no," says the young lady. "Not that. I should think, for instance, that I was very extravagant if I spent half of your salary on myself."

"Do you suppose you spend less than $600 yearly?" says Henry.

"Perhaps, not now," responds Amelia, blushing; "but I could get along with much less if I tried."

"Could you, indeed?" queried he.

"Yes," she responds. "Couldn't you?"

"Why, I suppose I might. Let me see. Where would I begin?"

"Say the clothes," suggested Amelia.

"Yes, that's a fact. I could do without the dress suit. That would be $75."

"And one of the others?" she says, inquiringly.

"Y-a-a-s—say one of the others. $40."

"And a little on the boots and shoes?"

"I believe so. Say $20 off on those."

"And the carriage hire?"

"Well, I suppose I could get along with the street-car. Take off $60 for carriage hire."

"Well, how about the cigars?

"I wouldn't like to give them up entirely; but I'll throw off $50 on cigars."

"Very well. And the hats, caps, etc., and all the rest. Couldn't you save $100 on the balance? You know a good suit of clothes will last more than one season."

"Well, I might possibly make it $100 less," says he.

"That makes; with the $155 left over and above your stated expenses as a bachelor, $500 says the ready Amelia. "You may add to that $75 which you could readily save on amusements, and you have the snug sum of $575 yearly to lay by. A few years of such economy would enable you to buy a nice little home of your own, where with a frugal wife you could both live very comfortable for what it costs you to live by yourself now."

If Henry is anything like the man he ought to be, he will say at this juncture that the very wife to live in such a house is the young lady who has herself suggested it, and will forthwith proceed to act upon her advice.

SOMETHING FEW EVER SAW.—Prof. D. L. Babcock, of the Maplewood Musical Institute at East Haddam, Conn., has in his possession probably the only harpsichord in the United States. Many will ask what this is. It is an instrument which preceded the piano. About the year 1700 the manufacture of these commenced; they were first called the spinet, but later the harpsichord. The instrument resembles a grand piano in shape, and is played with keys the same but instead of striking the strings after the present method, there is an upright stick connected with the keys, which rises as you press them down. On the end of this stick is a buttun, and in this a quill, which catches on the string as it rises, and falls back enough to clear it when it drops. On the right and left sides, just over the key-board, is one stop, resembling those on an organ. The only effect these have is to reduce the volume of tone one-half, by so adjusting the uprights containing the quill that only one string will sound for each key, instead of two, as is the case when the whole power is required. The wood work which comes in sight is solid mahogany, inlaid with French walnut and satin wood in a very workmanlike manner. The cover raises in three sections, and is connected together with eleven brass hinges, varying in length from three to eighteen inches, and of such style as to satisfy us of the correctness of a date 1725 which appears on one of the keys. On another is written very distinctly "May 28th, 1766." This is doubtless the mark of a repairer. Just over the keyboard, inlaid with cottonwood, is the maker's name, "Jacobus Kirkman, Loudini-Fecit."

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP, (made by Craglo & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) will satisfy the most doubting, of its great merit. Pure and white as snow. Try it. Make your grocer get it.

RECEIPTS.

HOW TO KEEP BUTTER.—A Bucks county farmer, who has had considerable experience in "putting down" butter, gives the following as being the best method he knows of: Take one teaspoonful of pulverized saltpetre and one tablespoonful of pulverized sugar to every eight pounds of butter. Add half the usual quantity of salt and pack in a stone pot. Cover with saltpetre about an inch in thickness, and then place a muslin cloth over the whole. By this means I have kept butter good from September until May.

GREAT injury is often done to that delicate organ, the ear, by attempting to remove the wax with a hard instrument. It should be remembered that wax in its normal condition is a provision of nature to guard the entrance of the ear from dust, insects, and sudden draughts of cold air. When it has served its purpose it becomes dry and scaly, and is pushed outside easily. Hard instruments introduced into the ear may pierce the drum of excite inflammation, and cause deafness or serious injury.

A CHEAP and very good hair dressing is made by dissolving four ounces of perfectly pure, dense glycerine in twelve ounces of rose water. Glycerine evaporates only at high temperatures, and therefore under its influence the hair is retained in a moist condition for a long time. As a class the vegetable oils are better for the hair than animal oils. They do not become rancid and offensive so readily, and they are subject to different and less objectionable chemical changes. Olive oil and that derived from the cocoanut have been largely employed.

DIRECTIONS FOR KALSOMINING.—Buy the best bleached glue, if the walls are to be white or some light tint (if dark, it is immaterial, so the glue is clean), and use it in the proportion of a quarter of a pound to eight pounds of whiting. Soak the glue over night, in the morning pour off the water, as it simply swells while soaking. Add fresh water, put it in a pail, and set that in a kettle of boiling water. When dissolved, stir it into the whiting, adding enough water to make it, after mixing, of the same consistency as common whitewash. It may be tinted any color, and is applied with a whitewash brush.

MOTH-PROOF.—Trunks and chests are more easily rendered moth-proof than closets and drawers, therefore, we advise every housekeeper to keep two large old trunks or boxes for this purpose. They should be lined with paper, and if there are any cracks which could admit moths, they should be pasted over. Appropriate one for clothing and one for curtains and the like, and as fast as you discard winter clothing and furs examine each piece carefully, brush it thoroughly, hang it in the sun for a few hours; then fold and pack it away in your chest, laying about half a pound of camphor in the corner at the same time. If you have any doubt about an article of fur or woollen, after beating thoroughly and dusting insect powder over it, put it into a brown paper bag and paste up the top, so that if it is infested it will not eat destroy the other contents of the trunk. When the trunk is packed full, paste strips of paper around the opening of the cover, and you are quite safe from the summer's moths and dust, and may have an easy mind about the contents of your chests.

SPECIALITIES IN MEDICINE.

We publish on our eighth page a lengthy article describing the system of the noted specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., in which he sets forth with considerable force and clearness his reasons for devoting his whole time and attention to a single department of medicine—the treatment of lingering chronic disease. The same article also takes up the subject of diagnosis, methods of consultation and treatment, etc., and will be found to contain many valuable hints to the invalid. Dr. Pierce, the author of a work which has already attained a large circulation—"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—containing some nine hundred numerously-illustrated pages, and devoted to medicine in all its branches, a work well calculated for the guidance and instruction of the people at large, and which may be had for $1 50 (post-paid) by addressing the author, Dr. Pierce has now been before the general public long enough to enable the formation of a careful estimate of the efficiency of his treatment and his medicines, and the verdict, we are glad to know, has been universally favorable to both.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—Venus, the astronomers tell us, is fast approaching the earth. Coming to the Centennial, perhaps.

—"Frost blue" is a new style of evening silk. You can get the exact shade by flavoring your ice cream with a little indigo.

—The British Government grants annually over one millions of dollars for the support of Roman Catholic objects at home and in the colonies.

—The population of Pekin, China, is reported to have fallen off from 2,000,000 to 500,000 in the last twenty years. Have they all come to America?

—A Wisconsin newspaper says: "The Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate 500 students three stories high."

—A Birmese embassy which arrived in Italy recently presented an autograph letter of their king to Victor Emmanuel enclosed in an elephant's tooth.

—There are only two gallons of whisky, per year, manufactured for each inhabitant of the United States, and it is a clear case that somebody's got to go without.

—A fashion reporter says "switches are going out of fashion." Now let slippers be abandoned, and the small boy will have reason to rejoice that he was born at the right time.

—In a recent trial in New Orleans for carrying concealed weapons, the proof being positive, everybody was astonished at a verdict of "not guilty," until it leaked out that every member of the jury was armed in the same way.

—Ten and a quarter pounds of paper to each person is consumed each year in North America. This is ahead of all the other countries, except England, where they use a pound and a quarter more per head, probably in trying to write poetry.

—A dietetic writer says: "Americans eat more pie crust than any other people in the world." This will probably explain why so many Americans are always crusty and "short" when a bill is presented.

—It is pleasant to recline under the spreading boughs of an apple-orchard, on a summer's evening, and let the imagination rove over the vast superficies of stomachs that will ache when the green fruit comes into market.

—WHICH IS ONE TO BELIEVE?—George Eliot says that "girls are delicate vessels in which is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection;" and some unhappy Benedict adds that "girls are delicate vessels which require a small fortune every season to keep them in sails."

—The manner in which the ladies have arranged their hair for some years past has been satirized to an extent that should leave but little more to be said on the subject, and yet the prolific mind of the fault-finder is never at a loss to give a new turn to the question. If lovely women see fit to pile layer after layer of hair on the top of their heads until the bonnet that precariously perches above it with no discoverable object in view resembles a dinner-plate out of place, it is nobody's business but their own. But the sharpest bit of satire hitherto levelled against the customs credited to the Vicar of Kensington, England, who, in a recent address to female candidates for confirmation, requested them to so arrange their hair that the bishop might really lay his hands on their heads when he gave his benediction. And the word "really" was emphasized by being printed in small capital letters. Just as though a blessing would not penetrate through the top-knots of the fair creatures!

Beauty.—The beautiful was a favorite subject of contemplation among the ancients. The name of Plato is inseparably associated with it, but in his philosophising, he nowhere separated the beautiful from the good. Aristotle deduced the most admirable laws and rules (Canons of Criticism,) so that his "Poetics," according to Schiller, constitute a true Rhadamantine tribunal for poets. Baumgarten, they hold to be the first who considered the subject from the true point of view—by whom beauty was considered the result of the highest and purest æsthetic perception, to the realisation of which the finer portion of our nature aspires. Whatever may have been said or written on beauty in art or æsthetics from the birth of our mother Eve down to the present time, there can be no dispute about the efficiency of DR. GOURAUD'S preparations in promoting the beauty of the human complexion. Physiologists say that beauty of complexion, and, to a certain extent, that of shape also, is simply visible health—a pure mirror of the perfect performance of the internal functions, and of their harmony with the external portions of the system; the certain effect of pure air, cheerfulness, temperance and of exercise, uninterrupted by any species of unnatural constraint. In brief, perfect health is perfect beauty. Undoubtedly, if every law of health was properly observed, and all accidents to the human family thwarted, all of the children of man would be beautiful specimens of humanity, and almost exact counterparts of our perfect parents, who were "formed in the image of God." But in the present state of fallen man (and woman,) it is not at all uncommon to look upon very unsightly complexions—in fact there are but few who posse the qualities of complexion which are essential to beauty. Facial discolorations, as cutaneous eruptions, freckles, moth patches, etc., seem to be the rule, and a clear, florid skin the exception. To be sure, a fair woman, without virtue, is like pallid wine—and "a virtuous woman, though ugly, is the ornament of the house," yet how much more of an ornament she might sometimes make herself by the use of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM. We would not recommend cosmetics in general, knowing, as we do, that many of those in use contain substrate of bismuth, and other deleterious substances, and are more or less poisonous and dangerous to use—their minute particles tending to clog the pores of the skin, and prevent the free passage of gases and vapors, which is so essential to the preservation of any animal organ in a thorough state of health. Aloof from all these nostrums and humbug preparations called "toilet articles," with which the country is fairly flooded, stand the valuable preparations of Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond Street, New York, principal among which is his ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. This stands at the head of the list of all toilet preparations, and has secured the highest medical testimony for its harmlessness and efficiency in improving the complexion. It is by no means a new and untried preparation, but has been before the public for twenty-seven years, and has steadily gained its way into public favor, until to-day its vouchers are the living representatives of Fashion and Beauty, who testify in every circle of select society to its admirable qualities—in heightening the charms of nature by adding a surpassing brilliancy, clearness and transparency to their complexion. There is hardly a country in the world where the BEAUTIFIER is not in demand—and there are hundreds of thousands ready to proclaim its virtues and gratefully acknowledge that it has rendered them a social service to be derived from no other source. It has illuminated and enhanced the charm of many a happy occasion in high life at the watering-place, at the ball, at the Capitol and at home. A word here in regard to the doctor, who is a man rather past the meridian of life, though he looks and appears much younger—is as buoyant and light-hearted as a boy—yet as grave at times as a sage. He is a thorough gentleman in every respect—is scrupulously conscientious—has a keen abhorrence of wrong-doing, and the strongest regard for veracity and promptness. He loves his business, and is blessed in the realization of the fact that he has benefited the world by giving man and womankind something for which future ages will rise up and express their heartfelt gratitude. A great portion of the doctor's life has been passed in originating and perfecting his preparations; and that he may live and retain his health and faculties for many years longer, and derive from the world as much pleasure as he has given it, is the earnest wish of his many friends.—*Boston Times.*

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1021
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
With Premiums.
For **$3.00**, the Post one year, 6 Centennial Medallions and Mounted Chromo
For **$2.50**, the Post one year and 6 Centennial Medallions or Mounted Chromo.
For **$1.25**, the Post 6 months and 2 Centennial Medallions or Unmounted Chromo.
For 75 Cents, the Post 3 months and one Centennial Medallion.

Without Premiums.
For $2.00, the Post for One Year.
For $1.00, the Post six months.

CLUB RATES:
Four Copies, one year, $7.00.
Six Copies, one year, $10.00.
Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.
Twenty Copies, one year, $25.00.
An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.
Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.
In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Payable in advance.
Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.
READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.
Address all orders and make all drafts payable to
BENNETT & FITCH,
726 SANSOM STREET.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, July 8, 1876.

NEXT WEEK!

A Grand Centennial Story

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

Written expressly for the SATURDAY EVENING POST, by

CHARLES MORRIS.

This story is of thrilling interest and every way worthy the great occasion, and the well-known brilliant reputation of the writer.

The scene of this story is laid in the vicinity of Philadelphia during the exciting period of the British occupation, and Mr. Morris has produced a graphic picture of "the times that tried men's souls," and of the sorrows and joys, the loves and hates, the high resolves and daring deeds, through which our glorious heritage of Independence was eventually won.

Much attention has been paid to the historical accuracy of the details of the story, but we are sure that the chief interest of our readers will be centred in the bold enterprises and hair breadth escapes of the Spy; in the perils of the fair heroine, Madge Carroll; in the schemes and coquettries of the buxom Letty Snyder; in the jealousies of the rival Captains, and in the final success of—— But we will leave the reader to learn for himself which lover, the English or American, won the hand of the fair heroine.

ROOM FOR HEROES.

The frame-work of a house must almost necessarily be made of regularly shaped timber. Natural crooks may be worked in here and there for ornament; and for some special uses, as in ship-building, they are almost indispensable, but in ordinary general work the saw, the broad-axe and the plane are required to reduce the various sticks to a common form. So in organizing society, men must to a considerable degree submit to have their special crooks taken out of them. They must yield many personal preferences, and give up individual opinions. A commonwealth must be made up of members who have many things in common. The strength of an organization is in the ratio of the unity of purpose of its members. While the Spartans submitted to the iron rules of Lycurgus, they were as a nation, a rod of iron which could not be broken. The history of all great national achievements shows them to be the fruits of a common purpose, secured either by submission to some overmastering will, or by a common impulse swaying the decisions of individuals. Thus tyrants have had their uses in the economy of the world. What could not otherwise have been done before advancing civilization increased community of thought and purpose, was accomplished by allowing one man to think for the people, who blindly followed his behests. If the director of thought used his power wisely, the people prospered; if selfishly, they groaned under oppression.

Gradually, as men have learned to think for themselves, public opinion, that is, the thought of majority has become the ruler. Its *dictum* may be as exacting and oppressive as that of a monarch, and being hydra-headed, it is more difficult to dethrone or oppose. Hence, the task of Reformer is to-day more difficult than when there was but a single head at which to direct his blows. There was never a time when heroism could more grandly assert itself. To overcome an evil intrenched in the hearts of thousands is to win a harder battle and a greater victory than the dethronement of any tyrant. The conflicts of this century have been and are to be largely of this character. God grant that the men and women for the hour may always be forthcoming.

KEEP YOUR OWN COUNSEL.

It is a most excellent rule in life, for those who would keep out of trouble, and keep themselves too out of the reach of injurious busybodies, to have their eyes and ears wide open, and their mouths shut. They may see all that is to be seen, and hear all that is to be heard, but they need not tell to others all that *they* may wish to hear. These are scheming times. People are not what they were twenty years ago. The struggle for life and wealth has become so fierce and intense, as to have broken down many of the scruples that once governed it. Matters spoken of in confidence, or words dropped incautiously in chance conversation, are not always accorded the privacy they are entitled to. They are too often used without remorse, wherever they can be used to the advantage of one, or to the detriment of another; and in this way many a man who has honest schemes of business in hand, or who may have the misfortune to have unhappy secrets in his household, or in his personal circle, frequently finds the world cognizant of them all, without scarcely knowing how it obtained the information. An upright, just, and honorable person, who chances to come into possession of a knowledge of his neighbor's private affairs, will lock his lips upon it, and suffer no one else to obtain it from him. But all men do not possess this high regard for others, and the only safe rule in dealing with such persons, and indeed with all persons, is to keep your own counsel—converse freely and genially on ordinary subjects, but on grave personal matters cultivate a careful reticence. If you have important business projects in hand, keep them to yourself, or, at most, limit the knowledge of them to the few trusty friends on whose discretion you can rely, and whose advice and assistance you may need. There are few successful business men who do not make this an inflexible rule in their operations. It saves them infinite trouble, and is one of the secrets of their success.

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.

There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without thinking some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word or some momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight is intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its use in a great degree from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If on the contrary we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased.

FRIENDS.

Never give up old friends for new ones. Make new ones if you like, and when you have learned that you can trust them, love them if you will, but remember the old ones still. Do not forget they have been merry with you in time of pleasure, and when sorrow came to you they sorrowed also. No matter if they have gone down in the social scale, and you up; no matter if poverty and misfortune have come to them, while prosperity and plenty have fallen to you—are they any the less true for that? Are not their hearts as warm and tender if they do beat beneath home-spun instead of velvet?

LESSONS FROM A STRAWBERRY.

Just at present we are all eating strawberries, but how many of us really know what we are eating. We talk of the delicious "berry," when in truth it is no berry at all. It is barely entitled to rank at all among the fruits. The delicious morsel, which we call strawberry, is simply the receptacle or upper portion of the stem on which the seeds are set. Every child knows the dandelion, with its silk-like seeds, which in playfulness it blows away in order to see "what's o'clock?" Then there is left on the stem a punctured surface like the end of a thimble. If now, this dotted surface were to become more cellular and swell rapidly as a mushroom swells, carrying along with it the seeds to its surface, we should have a fruit like unto a strawberry. This is precisely the way a strawberry is produced. It is one of those cases where a very small incident resulted remarkably.

There are other plants closely allied to the Strawberry, called, in botany, *Potentillas*—which are strawberries in everything but the luscious pulpy matter underlying the seeds. They form a very extensive family, and with the single exception of the strawberry, are utterly worthless to man.

Supposing, on the Darwinian theory, that the strawberry is developed from these dry-headed fellows, and that the sweet succulence is the result of some power of evolution. We can see on how narrow a chance this great change stood. The swain who likened his sweetheart to a plate of strawberries smothered in cream, could scarcely contemplate without a shudder how nearly the sweet smile might have been lost to him.

A PARABLE.

Heliotrope and jasmine flowers,
Bergamot—made tangled bowers
For Titania's tiny court.
Honey-suckle and snap-dragons,
Lily-cups—their snowy flagons
Full of dew for fairy sport.

These he saw. Then looked around
For the flowers he had not found—
Thought flowers he loved the best.
Sweet-hearted roses swung in air,
Roses crimson, and gold and fair;
Rare they were, but not his quest.

And yet he lingered not in vain—
To watch and wait is oft to gain;
It's true, say what you please!
For just within a sentinel ring
Of briars, with sharp and waspish sting,
Lay pensive-eyed heartsease.

While their velvet petals beckoned,
Of briar-strings and thorns he reckoned
And longed, yet turned away.
And thus from pain, he, coward, drew;
Such pain! at worst a scratch or two,
And, fearing to be boldly true,
Recoiled, and bore his whole life through
No heartsease from that day.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Taking the less crowded route to the Exhibition by going by the Reading R. R., we found ourselves on entering in a different part of the grounds from any we had before traversed. Somewhat in the rear of Memorial Hall we were, and on our way towards the Main Building we passed a small, but interesting structure of rough boards intended only as secure framework for some of the largest and finest

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

we have ever seen. They are among the French exhibits, and are designed for a large church in New York. Various groups are depicted, of life-size figures, wonderful for purity and distinctness of coloring, as well as for clearness of expression. The one most worthy of study, to our fancy, was a representation of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence by being roasted upon a huge gridiron. The attitude of the limbs, the knotting of the tense muscles by the action of the fire, the look of mortal agony, softened by triumphant faith, and the sublime expression of self-devotion to the cause of Christ, are so well delineated that the shadow seems almost to merge into substance. The expressions of the different faces in the on-looking crowd are equally good—fanaticism, blank wonder, sorrow—all are brought out.

In the same building are several of the groups in composition of the life-size figures for which the French artists in clay are so justly celebrated. These latter were mostly of a sacred character.

Stopping under the great organ in the Main Building only long enough to enjoy the closing strains of a fine chorus, we passed out the avenue nearest to the path that led to the

DAIRY.

The tropical, or as a New York friend maliciously suggested, the peculiarly "Philadelphian" heat of the day, rendered this place a favorite retreat. The refreshment pavilion in the upper section of it, which is open at the sides, and of rustic construction was crowded to so uncomfortable a degree that your correspondent was fain to remember Job "Griselda" and other models of patient long suffering under circumstances of extreme aggravation in order to retain that calm serenity of mind necessary to impartial judgment. According to the copy-books "patience meets with a due reward," and so we found, for after inspecting the very complete arrangements in the lower story, for the storing of dairy products, we refreshed the parched and dusty avenues of our throats with a dish of truly æsthetic strawberries and frozen cream of pastoral flavor.

Our next halt was in the little Engine Room, behind the Woman's Pavilion, where the

BAXTER ENGINE

that runs all the machinery in that building is worked and attended to in every particular by a young lady. With a great courtesy, that alas is but too rare from woman to woman, she gave a clear and deeply interesting account of the different parts of the engine and the manner of running it, etc. The entire success of her work, the ease with which she accomplishes the management of her busy machine, the care of which has hitherto been deemed to lie essentially within man's province, marks a decided epoch in female labor, and opens a new avenue of industry to the sex. The charming neatness, not alone of her engine, and its surroundings, but of her dress and person, notwithstanding the fact that she is her own "stoker" might well be imitated by the stronger sex. Nor does her chosen branch of labor seem to rob her of one gentle womanly attribute. We shall not soon forget the kindly smile of welcome nor the soft dark eyes with their quiet, pensive expression of the girl-engineer, and we heartily bid her "God speed" wherever her future lot may be cast.

Passing around to the front entrance of the Woman's Pavilion, we made a more extended tour through its different departments than we were able to accomplish upon our first visit. The first impression left upon our mind, by a hasty and too general survey of the industries represented within its walls, was that in the higher fields of science and fine arts, there was not so marked an advancement as in works requiring dexterity and patient skill. In this second tour we were glad to find that the old adage of "not trusting too implicitly to first impressions" was verified, in our case, at least. Among the

PAINTINGS IN OIL AND WATER COLORS

there exhibited as specimens of female work, there are some that for delicacy of coloring, fidelity of rendition, and grace of conception, are certainly unsurpassed. The most prominent painting in oils, for size and position, is one entitled "Truth Unveiling Falsehood." It is evidently allegorical, but it is also not easily to find out the meaning intended by the artist. A life-size female figure occupies the centre, representing Truth. The countenance is lovely, and the aspect of that fair, pure coloring in which we invest angelic beings. She is removing with her right hand the glittering veil from a kneeling figure clothed in crimson and ermine, and from whose head falls a golden crown. This figure holds in its arms a dead infant, while at its feet crouches a despairing, agonized mother. On the left of Truth, leaning against her and encircled by her arm, sits a beautiful woman, with a rosy, smiling infant at her breast. The expression upon the face of Falsehood is very fine, but underneath it are skilfully shown the features of a most repulsive ghoul with fiendish eyes and savage beak, the very embodiment of cruelty. We have given an elaborate description of this picture, not on account of its superior merit, but because of the puzzling effect it has had upon so many spectators. A small placard explaining its meaning attached would greatly enhance its effect upon the minds of those who see it. Among flower paintings, we were especially attracted by two, one of which was a spray of English honeysuckle, painted by

THE PRINCESS LOUISE,

so true to nature that only the delicate perfume was lacking to delude other senses than the one of vision only. The other piece was by an American lady, and represented a cluster of autumn field-flowers, "Golden rod," in its plumy spikes, with here and there a withered bloom; purple wood, asters, a spray of glowing leaves, with here and there a starry daisy or feathery spike of grass. Nothing more exquisite than their arrangement and rendering could be imagined.

Quaint sea pieces, painted inside of scallop shells, showed much ingenuity of design and fancy.

Painted cups, etc., of China; squares of slate and marble, all showed the same artistic finish and beauty of theme. One of the latter squares had the natural brown, picked out in yellow, in what seemed to be an arabesque, but a close inspection revealed different heads of birds and beasts, peeping out from among tree stems and curved branches, with grotesque expressions.

We may not leave that interesting building without giving a notice of a fine piece of wood-carving that pleased us more than the bedstead and doors which have received so many encomiums. The article referred to is

A MANTEL PIECE,

with a deer and fawns carved in bold relief as centre-piece. Under is the inscription, in Gothic text,

"SEED-TIME AND HARVEST SHALL NOT CEASE."

Above the long shelf were two smaller ones, on each side, for holding vases, etc. A small painted landscape, of an oval shape, is set in below the long shelf. On the left side, a cluster of cherries is pendant; on the right, a branch of grapes, both well shaded and colored.

The pen etchings on silk and linen were excellent in this department; some of the smaller fancies for mats being taken from the famous "Reynard the Fox," and executed in a spirited manner.

There was a good display of proficiency in chasing upon silver and other metals creditable to the workers.

From the beautiful to the useful, not always an easy or, to the artistic mind, an agreeable transition in the case in point, both easy and agreeable, i. e., our walk from the flowers and dainty conceits of the feminine mind, to the deeply interesting statistics to be found within the walls of the

"UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING,"

which lies next to the Women's Pavilion. Its cool, brown and yellow tints give an autumnal effect, and form a fitting frame-work or setting for the stores of golden and rosy apples ranged with a harmonious effect as regards coloring, besides olive-tinted and finely mottled pears, some of these last being so huge as to suggest the luxuriance of tropical influences, but which are raised with great ease even in our northern sections; luscious melons, cool one even to look upon, especially the fine specimens of the orange watermelon, which combines so much beauty with a rare mixture of flavors.

Nor is there any lack of specimens both in dried plants medicinally used, and for dyeing purposes, and the immense variety of vegetable esculents that show the wonderful fertility of our soil, and its diverse quality.

The exhibit of native woods is equally interesting, and the specimens so neatly prepared, as to show to the best advantage the disposition of the fibre, and the variety of coloring. The palms and palmettoes from our southern shores are tastefully grouped. A stem of one of the former, the

"PRITCHARDIA FILAMENTOSA,"

recently discovered in southern California, that ever developing State, will doubtless be utilized in various manufactures from the marked toughness and "individuality," so to speak, of its fibres.

To us the exhibits contained in this building were so fascinating and full of deep interest that but for the rapid gliding of the golden moments we would fain have lingered hours within its walls.

"Have you visited the New England Log Cabin?" asked one acquaintance, against whom we drift in our tossing to and fro among the other "bits" of valuable stuff which go to make up the wonderful human streams which ebb and flow down and up the many avenues.

"No; we have not!" Such a shame to have neglected these lineal descendants of the "Pilgrim Fathers," and in the Centennial Year, too!

Away we speed, and soon were in front of the

LOG CABIN,

bearing upon its primitive front the words

"YE OLDEN TIME,"

while below beams forth an added and kindly "Welcome" to all. To the right, as you enter, is the general kitchen, with busy cheerful attendants in the short-waisted gay flowered prints of immense patterns, with clear muslin ruff and kerchief, and cap, not forgetting the broad high combs. The old fashion is repeated in all the details, of form and coloring of cup and platter. The familiar blue of the "willow pattern," associated among the relics peeped at on tiptoe, upon the top-most shelf of "Grandmama's" china closet when the charming beliefs and unquestioning credulity of childhood's days were ours. The gay-flowered delf-ware that surely must have been designed to match those wonderful gowns, all are here. Dinner commences at twelve, after the fashion of those days, and is served upon the cool verandah at the back. Now, we have always desired to eat *real* pork and beans, baked under New England supervision—not the insipid, watery imitations that deceive and disillusionize our childish dreams. What imaginative child from the other sections of country, that ever read and wept pitifully over Miss Wetherel's "Wide, Wide World," or "Queechy," but had a longing to realize Ellen's experiences of a pleasant nature especially in the gastronomic line? Or to see New England home-life through "Fleda's" eyes? And childish longing, ungratified, remains on through the years, when the tender freshness of the bud is merged into the wider life of the mature bloom.

Consequently we *eat* New England pork and beans—brown and crisp? Oh you may believe, brown and crisp as fallen leaves, when the autumn brightness is gone. And *such* doughnuts! with pumpkin pies of such luscious, golden richness, as to delude one into the notion that Thanksgiving day had become chronic on account of the Centennial.

Nor did we fail to peep an inquisitive head into a certain kitchen back of the building, where presides an experienced matron over the mysteries of those aforesaid edibles. She answered all of our queries so kindly, with a smile over our curiosity, that we were fain to sympathize with her trouble, concerning the watchfulness needed to guard the doughnuts from the fingers of "those boys," lying in ambush under the window. Poor boys! they are so awfully trying, too, but how can their perpetually hungry souls resist the cruel temptations of piles of those doughnuts!

In the room on the left, are "Spinning Jennys" or old-time flax wheels, with skillful workers plying their busy threads.

Among the beauties of outdoor scenery, may be mentioned the lake north of Machinery Hall, with its centre taken up with "fountain jets." The effect is so picturesque, and the wreaths of silver foam uprising and falling in changing mist sprays, one could almost fancy that the fair and lovely head of Nordine would appear.

On the way to Machinery Hall from the Woman's Pavillion, you pass the

TUNISIAN COFFEE HOUSE AND TENTS.

In the former, are divans ranged against the walls, upon which recline numerous specimens of the "masculine persuasion," as the "Widow Bedott" would say, puffing away at the long stemmed chibouk, with its amber mouth-piece or the margeleh, while on small tables beside them repose glasses of golden Sherbet, and other cooling Eastern drinks, or tiny cups of genuine Turkish coffee.

Courteous attendants in noiseless slippers and glittering Oriental attire, supply the wants of the crowd that throngs the small building.

Small tables in the centre of the main room, and in two smaller rooms on each side, are surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, and in many instances, children eating cakes and sipping the cool drinks. Behind a short counter, somewhat elevated from the floor, sit the proprietor and a very handsome low-veiled lady, evidently his wife, in georgeous attire. Fruits and refreshments are ranged in front of them. When an order is given it is called out in the Turkish tongue, with a lingering syllable at the end, not unlike a prolongation of the soft toned sound of A.

In another part of the grounds there is a pretty Moorish Villa, pricked out in colors, and of a light and curious form of architecture. It has divans, a sleeping compartment hung in rich stuffs, a quantity of china-ware; of carved wooden beads and trifles, and on the outside "Marocka," which is probably their way of spelling "Morocco." The flashing dark eyes and smooth, swarthy skin of the dignatary within who sits cross-legged and at his ease, recalled "The Moor," whose crime was living "not wisely but too well."

Entering Machinery Hall from one of the north front portals, we passed along seeing much, but failing, from the positive lack of adequate labelling and description of the different machinery, to comprehend much that interested us. A sort of weaving over

A FRAME WORK,

arrested our steps. On inquiring, were told it was called

CIRCULAR WEAVING MACHINE,

for the manufacture of material for under-vests, etc. The operator in charge courteously showed us the manner of weaving, which is done at the bottom of the frame around which the cloth is woven. There is a horizontal bar or roller above, with roughened plates below to draw up the cloth, which is then wound smoothly over the wooden roller. Upon asking what would be the effect of a broken thread, we were instantly shown by the operator breaking it, the weaving at once ceased; the other threads did not unravel or tangle; upon knotting the ends together again, all went on smoothly as before. A pointed tongue of steel rests against the lower part of the cloth, near the small serrated wheel, which revolving horizontally, does the weaving; this point of steel passes over every part of the stuff, detecting the small hole or flaw, and catching it, stops the weaving, until it is taken up, when all goes smoothly on.

The manufacture of

FRENCH TOILET SOAPS,

near the eastern entrance, was very interesting to us. First, the ingredients are put together in a receiver, where they are well pounded together by means of a powerful little hammer. Then the mass is passed into sieves that look like battered drums having sheep-skin heads. These are secured by cords in circular iron slabs, which are tossed about by the machinery, until it seems they would go to pieces. The result is only to thoroughly incorporate the mass. It is then subjected to rollers of stone, which grind it smooth; then into another it goes, giving out a fresh and cleanly odor, whence it is forced through a small opening, from which it issues in cakes ready for stamping. This latter is quickly done by deft-handed maidens, and then it is ranged in neat boxes and sold.

There is a memory in our heart of hearts of some of the beautiful works seen in the

ITALIAN DEPARTMENT

in the Main Building, which our lack of time compelled us to forego a description of when last we made our visit.

"How warm it has grown" reached the ear on every side, and in many various tongues, to judge from the gestures accompanying sundry incomprehensible phrases that reach our ears. The distance between Machinery Hall and Main Building widens. We scorn the idea of owning to sufficient fatigue to warrant the luxury of a chair. At last the cool, arching vault of the Main Building yields a grateful shade, but how many pyramids and stacks of rare industrial trophies bar our way! We see the tempting banner with

"ITALY"

inscribed thereon. These mountains of goods! Courage, "beyond the Alps lieth thy Italy."

It is reached, and all its treasures lie spread before an eager gaze. And first, an inscription of

GENOA,

over a large case fitly framed in polished ebony, arrests our gaze. *Genoa*, the birth-place of the hero whose well-earned fame was stolen by the crafty; whose noble nature excited such envy among the lesser souls surrounding him, till, hound-like, they hunted him to death, and broken-hearted he laid his sorrowful burden of life down, glad to escape from a cruel, ungrateful world! It hardly seems as though, even with our wider views, our sense of justice in this enlightened century, we have even made the effort to do a meagre show of justice to the memory of

COLUMBUS.

The word Genoa brought up his glorious struggles to realise his dream, and we felt that any exhibit from his birth-place must needs receive our first attention.

JEWELRY OF FROSTED SILVER,

so delicate, so exquisite in design and detail, that it seemed the fabulous work of the busy Gnomes, instead of human fingers, hung in chains of finest filagree, inter-mixed with golden links. Fairy butter-flies spread wings of a lace-like fineness. Clusters of daisies, in silver, with golden centres, seemed of a texture so delicate that a breath would stir them. Pansies of gold, card cases and receivers, caskets, lockets of rarest design, all wrought in this fairy filagree of gold and silver. What delicacy of touch! what patient skill must be needed to fashion this tiniest of gondolas, fit for the nicest of elves to float in! Where, even in Fairy Land, could a Cinderella be found tiny enough to near these specks of upturned golden slippers? And yet examine them, there is no part wanting—dots of heels, carved *embroidery* in filagree, all perfect.

What race of elves could produce a Hamlet diminutive enough to soliloquize over this mite of a "bare bodkin," wrought in fret-work of silver, adorned with gold?

On our other hand, are cases of rare and beautiful

CORALS

from the palest flesh tinted ones of Naples to the glowing red. In all variety of form of degree they are presented—from the sprays, brought up by the venturesome Oliver, to the most delicately carved leaves and buds, and clear-cut heads.

On every side, the triumph of Italian Art, the different

MOSAICS

are ranged, the Florentine, Byzantine, Romaic, Venetian, Landscapes, in natural hues, done in stones so tiny, the eye cannot, unassisted, perceive the joining of them. A magnificent table, with a centre piece of the favorite tradition of the suckling of Romulus and Remus by the she wolf, had at each corner the four seasons—Spring, represented by a young and glowing female, not unlike the "Fornernia" in face and figure, flower crowned, and with a garland of buds and blooms about her. Summer, a more developed matronly figure, bearing sheaves of ripened wheat and crowned with ears of grain. Autumn, a man in his prime, with purple toga folded about his strong limbs; clusters of grapes are in his hand and about him. Winter, sits an old man, cowering in his brown cloak, over a small fire in a brazen dish that stands upon a tripod. Between these figures are vases, flower-filled and of antique forms.

When it is considered that the entire workmanship is in Mosaic, while the colors of the flowers are so wonderfully blended, it seems incredible. There are others of equal beauty in their way. There are landscapes, heads, and all manner of trinkets in this work. In

CAMEOS

there is much that is deeply interesting. One set of them illustrates what is termed the

GENESIS OF THE CAMEO.

First the shell, then a head outlined upon the shell; next a rudely carved head, and so on through all the degrees of fineness of carving, and variety of grounds—some light, some dark.

A POMPEIIAN LAMP

of the 5th century, in bronze, has a porphyry base, with relieves of cupids in gilt. The lamp, a boat shape, with a ram's head for a prow, a climbing dragon at the back. Masks of antique heads, male and female, lie around and upon the curiously carven cover.

A SMALL CRUCIFIX

of the finest workmanship in bronze, with the scroll above the head and the inscription, "I. N. R. I." upon it, a death's head and cross-bones at the feet, displayed some wonderful carving. Of the larger statues and groups in bronze we may not now speak, since our space would admit of no justice done to them. A single class of the Fine Arts exhibit from Italy could readily afford interesting material for hours of study.

Alas! the warning chime-bells from Machinery Hall tower have ceased; a less harmonious sound greets our unwilling ear—it is that vicious hand bell, rung by vigorous attendants to notify us that the hour for closing has arrived—and so with the rest we go.

Echoes from Fairy-land.

GOLDEN-HAIR.

It was when the sun was high in the sky one day, and as Gracilis was envying the great orb's liberty and freedom from prince-craft, that involuntarily he cried, "What complaint has the King against me? He has no subject more faithful, and never have I really offended him."

Now the King, by chance, was himself near his tower, and of course he fell into another magnificent rage upon hearing the audacious speech, for sovereigns are never in error, and even after finding the wrong man has been sent to gaol, kings and queens never apologize to him. The troublesome person who has been so vexatious as to be taken for somebody else is PARDONED.

The courtiers who were with the King, and who comprised the deputation, and their various friends tried to attract his attention, knowing well that even a royal and raging fool will sometimes have his thick sconce penetrated by the natural and beautiful voice of honesty.

"Let me hear what he dares to say," cried the royal creature.

"What?" marvels the head of the deputation; "will your majesty allow your Majesty's ears to be struck by the sound of a condemned person's voice?"

"Once," said the King, "we loved him. We will bear to listen."

"Alas!" said Gracilis, aloud, "why does he keep me here when I could do so much for him? I love him, because I must love somebody, and I must be faithful somewhere. But he is surrounded by flatterers who are battling for his throne after his death; for is not his son dying of love for the Princess Golden-Hair, whom I could have induced to marry his highness?—while here am I, fed by the fairies, who no doubt keep me alive in order that I may serve the King, seeing I have no other service than his, and that I must do something."

This was such a proper and obedient speech, that the King, instead of blushing for himself, blushed for his courtiers, and burst into tears—fools always being ready with oceans of them; none accompanied him in weeping.

So, while the deputation trembled in uncertainty, and this time did not at all admire themselves for that operation, the King commanded his guards to open the tower doors, and out came Gracilis, looking as fresh and pleasant as though he had been walking in the garden after an early breakfast.

The magic water was an admirable larder, and not likely to make its votaries plethoric.

Gracilis was forgiving enough immediately to kiss the King's right hand, an act which his Majesty allowed without ordering the traitor's head to be struck off; and he said, meekly, "Alas! your Majesty, what have I done that your highness should punish me as I have been?"

"Thou has mocked at us and our ambassador," was the reply; "and thou hast said that had we sent thee to our royal brother's Court, thou would'st have brought back with thee the Princess Golden-Hair!"

"And was it not in order to bring the Princess to your Majesty's Court that the ambassador was sent?"

"By our royal understanding," cried the King, "now we never thought of that! So far, thou art in the right of it."

"Had I been the envoy," rejoined Gracilis, "I should have spoken so favorably of your noble son's good qualities—for, as a Prince, he is perfect; and seeing that mere mortals should not require greatly of princes—that the Princess Golden-Hair, with all the proper self-respect of a well-bred Princess forsooth, would at once have shown her wish to marry his highness, and your Majesty's most devoted servant would have pleased your Majesty as much as the ambassador who was really forwarded incurred the royal displeasure."

It was at this point that the King, who never professed to be as wise as Solomon, and who always carried a good heavy sceptre about with him, turned his Majesty around, and began laying it over the shoulders of the deputation in the most kingly fashion.

Then, pardoning them more blows when he was quite tired, he ordered his guards to shovel them all into the tower, and walked smilingly back to the palace, arm-in-arm with Gracilis.

So much for princes' favor, which, in this case, entirely turned upon a King's fanciful direction in taking his morning walk.

As far as the deputation was concerned, this history knows them no more; and nothing further need be said, except this—that the fairy fountain suddenly ran dry.

The King could not order sufficient dishes for the young lord's eating, the royal one supposing that his guest must be sadly in want of a sustaining meal.

But Gracilis found that he had grown so habituated to the flavor of the magic water during his imprisonment, that he refused dish after dish, and made himself content with a couple of accidentally hard apples and one crust of bread.

"Gracilis," said he, "my tender-hearted and most clever son is still dying for love of the Princess Golden-Hair. I have half made up my royal mind to send you to Court in place of the booby who came back empty-handed."

"Sire," replied the amiable young lord, "I will start at once."

"Bless you!" exclaimed the King; "but had we not better send *two* magnificent carriages, since she despises one?"

"No," returned Gracilis; "I think I should do well to start by myself, with but a horse for a companion, and a letter of introduction from your Majesty."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XXIV.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

Although we have already dwelt upon the life and character of this great and good man, which are indeed indissolubly connected with the history of the Revolution, and interwoven with every step of our national progress, we cannot forbear a passing glance at President Washington, and the place occupied by him and Mrs. Washington in the social life of the Capitol.

The solution of the seeming mystery of this great general becoming an equally able president, must be found in the fact of the wonderful ascendancy which Washington was able to gain over the minds of men, in the wide grasp of his mental powers, and the sterling integrity of his character, whose lustre no breath of suspicion has ever dimmed. From the hour he took his position at the helm of the ship of State, being sworn into office in the city of New York by Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State, April 30th, 1789; through the years of service that followed, *all* the powers of the new pilot were needed to guide the bark through this perilous portion of its voyage. Trials and difficulties beset Washington on every hand, dissensions internal and external were to be settled, a system of finance was to be inaugurated, in fact, the whole machinery of government was to be adapted to the necessities of the new Republic. Yet when, after a term of service of eight years, he retired to the grateful seclusion of Mt. Vernon, resolutely declining a third election, Washington possessed the happy consciousness of having lightened many of the burdens of the State, and placed other of its difficult problems in train for its solution and adjustment. During these years, numerous immigrants had flocked to our shores, and three new States, Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee, had been admitted to the Union.

In rendering these important services to his country the President was assisted by an able Cabinet, among whose officers were John Adams, Vice-President of the United States, and Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury.

Certainly no two persons could have been better fitted, socially, to grace the high position to which they were called than the General and Mrs. Washington. The latter, when Miss Martha Dandridge in the fullness of her youthful charms had been a reigning belle at Williamsburg, when the royal Governors of Virginia held their court there, and later, whether as the wife of Colonel Custis, or after her second marriage, enduring with her husband the hardships of camp life, or surrounded by the comforts of her own home of Mount Vernon, had by her elegance, native dignity and established position inspired respect and homage from all who approached her.

"There was much in the character of Washington," says a writer, "that in our age would be considered eminently aristocratic." Summing up his dignified reserve, his graceful courtesy, the neatness of his toilet, and his excessive punctilio. Letters not addressed to him in due form, he would return unopened, and it is not strange that the habit of a lifetime should have rendered it natural for him to seal his letters with the armorial crest and bearings of the ancient house from which he was descended. One of the most distinguished representatives of that almost effete but fondly cherished type, the gentleman of the old school, any aristocratic ideas or prejudices displayed by Washington can never be regarded as an assumption; but rather as the natural outgrowth of his English training, and a character that united so much simplicity and kindliness, with a certain grand reserve. An old schoolmate thus speaks of Washington's dignity, as a legacy from his mother: "I have often been present with her sons—proper, tall fellows too, and we were all as mute as mice. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the Father of his Country, will remember the mother as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

Yet history attests that this dignified man could unbend, as we read of his dancing a minuet with Mrs. Willis, on the occasion of certain festivities at Fredericksburg, to celebrate the victory of Yorktown, and as the evening advanced, entering into the gayety of the scene so far as to go down the room, a dozen times or more, in the *contre danse*. So splendid was the figure of the chieftain, and so remarkable his natural grace, that the Frenchmen present declared that a Parisian education could not have rendered the executive more admirable.

In 1779, General Greene writes from Middlebrook: "We had a little dance at my quarters. His Excellency and Mrs. Greene danced upwards of three hours without once sitting down. Upon the whole we had a pretty little frisk."

During the first part of Washington's administration, New York was the seat of government, and the house selected for the President's residence in Cherry Street, and that of Mr. McComb used later, were the resort of the most distinguished men and women of the day. Philadelphia was the capital of the Republic during the greater part of this administration, the change being made in 1790, and in a house rented from Washington's friend Robert Morris, in Market Street, below Sixth, the President's levees and dinners were held.

Immediately after his inauguration, the President began to feel the pressure of that ceremony, so at variance with his simple tastes; and was also impressed with a sense of his time being at every person's disposal but his own. In order to receive his visitors, without infringing upon hours devoted to business or repose, Washington set about organizing a system of levees, etc., in which he was assisted by Adams, Hamilton, Jay and Madison. Adams, who had lived much in the atmosphere of courts, was inclined to insist upon considerable state and splendor, while Hamilton pleaded earnestly for the preservation of a Republican simplicity, which would take nothing from the dignity of the Presidential office. In the development of his ideal of a truly Republican court, Washington was aided, in no small degree, by Mrs. Washington, who counted days spent amid the gayeties of the capital "lost days," and now joined her husband; tempted by no prospect of regal state; but impelled by the same wifely duty that had often led her to quit the sweet seclusion of Mount Vernon, to follow him wherever the changing scenes of war led him to pitch his tent.

The President had his levees every Tuesday, while Mrs. Washington held her drawing-room on Friday evenings, on which occasions, the former would appear in the dress of a private gentleman, and passing from group to group, with a smile and pleasant word, charmed all whom he approached. Although there was little of the glare and empty show of the court, at these receptions once held in our city, there was no lack of form and proper observance of etiquette. Can we not see it all? That brilliant picture! The ladies in their stiff brocaded petticoats, bowing low their heads, adorned with the high powdered and befeathered coiffure of the day, as they enter the drawing-room of Mrs. Washington, who receives them with a certain stately grace, which if old fashioned people are to be believed, is little known in our times. All is grand and quiet, stiff and elegant, like the dress worn. We should not dream of expecting gay *badinage* or gossip from the lips of those beautiful dames, any more readily than we can imagine, rash Governor Morris slapping his Excellency on the back, and saying, "How are you, General?" Methinks, he afterwards held the promised wager dear, at the price of the withering glance which was the reward of his familiarity! All such trifling seems to belong to another era than that. Those men, with grand and thoughtful faces, who gather around the new President; those women, whose serious eyes look down upon us from century old canvass, speak to us of converse deeper than the gay ripple of small talk or sparkling *bon mot* of the *salon*. Something of the vital interests of the nation, they had taken into their very hearts, not to be set aside carelessly for drawing-room or dinner party. It seemed as if the very earnestness of their purposes was written on their faces, yet these ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves, in their own fashion, a hundred years ago, and on Washington's birthnight balls there was much dancing, merriment and good cheer. The President was fond of a good play, and, while in Philadelphia, frequently attended the old Southwark Theatre, the resort of the British officers during Howe's occupation of the city, and for whose theatrical representations Andre had painted some of the scenes, and written the prologues. A different audience is that now assembled in the same building. The grand and stately men who composed the President's cabinet, and circle of friends, instead of those dashing red coated officers; the ladies who adorned Mrs. Washington's Republican Court, sitting where the beautiful Tory belles had reigned by the power of their smiles, and sighs, and glances, holding by silken threads, in "rosy bondage," those knights of mock joust and tournament.

All is changed. Those walls that once resounded to the national airs of Britain, now re-echoed to the strains of the President's March, struck up as soon as His Excellency and his suite entered their box, which was also the signal for a round of applause, long and loud.

While occupying the house on High street, (now Market), once the residence of General Howe, and where, later, Benedict Arnold "wasted his substance in riotous living," the General and Mrs. Washington, aside from those days devoted to public duties and ceremony, enjoyed something of the freedom of private life, and the pleasures of intimate friendships. On Saturdays the President would frequently drive into the country with his family, in his coach drawn by six horses. On Sunday morning they attended old Christ Church, whose aisles resounded to the footsteps of some of the greatest men of the age. It seems to us a haunted place now, as we cross its threshold—haunted by the spirits of the noblest and best.

In the evening the President would sometimes read a sermon aloud to his family, and as a proof of this man's reverence for all that was good, he set the example of a strict observance of the Sabbath.

ALL volunteered fluent apologies have some mixture of a lie in them. No person who plans apologies plans to speak the plain truth. If he is ingenious, he contrives a veneer of fact; but the substance is false—an actuating principle or motive is kept out of sight. Nobody who is fair and above-board in conscience and aims has the apologising impulse.

IT is a common error—of which a wise man will beware—to measure the worth of our neighbor by his conduct towards ourselves.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

BY J. C. PURDY.

Lent was over and this was the first grand social event after Easter, "Everybody" was present, of course. The least important of Mrs. Grayson's reunions was an event in the fashionable season; and an elaborate affair like this ball was something to be remembered and looked back upon by every one who was fortunate enough to be among the favored throng, even though all the months of all the year's were made up of pleasures.

This ball, however, grand as it was, would not have been the brilliant event it proved to be had not the beauty of Eleanor Warwick shone out upon the assembly. No other beauty was quite like hers; and within the fashionable recollection there had been no sensation in society like that produced by her splendid reign.

Her royalty was not all of beauty—that was only her crown—the symbol of her sway. The divine right was in the reserve of strong and noble character that lay under the beauty, and sparkled out in wit and sentiment such as the fashionable kingdom had not hitherto known.

GRADUALLY SHE BECAME FULLY AWARE THAT TWO MEN WERE TALKING.

Not many who came under the sway of the little queen understood the full meaning of her wit or appreciated the full beauty of her sentiment, or knew the full richness of the character to which they paid homage. If they had been capable of that they would all have been fellow sovereigns with her, instead of loyal subjects.

As it was the women feared her a little and hated her a good deal; but were compelled by some subtle power, to own that she had "a kind of way you know; it's all in her style," and the men blindly gave their allegiance without stopping to inquire what compelled them thereto.

On this particular evening an indescribable change had been observed in Eleanor, the Queen. She was just as fascinating as ever; just as brilliant as ever, but with a difference which all present somehow felt. As the young man stricken with poetry remarked: "It's a little, you know, like, ah, the shadow of, er, a fleecy summer cloud on the, er, white rose, or something of that kind."

Miss Balcoaur, the baffled pretender to the crown and throne, described the change as being "exactly as if Miss Warwick had discovered somebody in the room better dressed than herself." One of the numerous young men *not* stricken with poetry declared that Eleanor had "set her heart on some fellow who wouldn't come to time." And one of the queen dowagers expressed her conviction "that Warwick girl had accepted Trevor Buckalew and found out that he was poorer than she supposed."

From all which it will be discovered that, whatever the change in Eleanor Warwick might be, it was not the reflection of an added happiness.

At last young Mr. Brinsley sought her to "beg the happiness of the next waltz," and sought her in vain. Whether the shadow of the fleecy summer cloud had chilled the white rose into discouragement; or the sight of that person better dressed than herself had exasperated Eleanor beyond endurance; or pining after that unappreciative individual who wouldn't come to time had been too much for her, or brooding over Trevor Buckalew's unhappy poverty had saddened her beyond endurance—whatever the cause, she had disappeared from the room, and the happiness of the next waltz was a happiness unattainable by the unfortunate Mr. Brinsley.

Could those who wondered have seen the object of their wonder, their wonder would have grown. Their vain guessing as to where she was and what she was doing, was nothing to the wild surmising about what it all meant, that would have bubbled up could they have seen her.

She was in the conservatory, and she was doing—nothing. She on whom all in that splendid assemblage were eager to bestow their companionship had chosen to be alone, except for the companionship of the flowers, less bright than herself; she whom all delighted to keep occupied, dancing, chatting, dispensing smiles, whose grace even Mr. Brinsley wistfully sought to blend with his own, chose to hide away in idleness as complete as that of the exotics around her. What could it mean?

It evidently meant that the gossips were so far right that the mercury in her barometer of happiness was a little depressed; that the stars in her sky were dimmed by a little film of mist. With head bowed forward and hands folded in her lap, she sat still and thoughtful in the alcove, amid the various and luxuriant verdure that hid the nook wherein she had her retreat. Her eyes had in them an earnest far-away look that none of the gossips could have interpreted, and her face here in the solitude, where no prying eyes watched for the accidental dropping of the mask had not a smile to show, but bore, instead, the shadow of anxious revery, and the quiet hands, instead of being idly and listlessly folded, were clenched together quite rigidly. Something was wrong with Eleanor, the queen.

Manifestly no trifling affair could reach her at a stroke in the depths of all that pre-occupation. An interruption, unless a violent one, would win its way very gradually to her perception. Even Mr. Brinsley's effusive invitation, it is to be feared, would have met but a vague and hesitating response at first.

Accordingly she had been for some time conscious, in an unconscious kind of way, of voices near her, before she had at all realized that they were near her. Gradually she became fully aware that two men were talking, and talking very earnestly in her immediate neighborhood.

Her first thought, on coming back to the realities of life, was that she must have been away from the company a long time, that she would be missed and gossipped about; and her first impulse was to go back at once to the dancing room. She was checked by the reflection that she was in a predicament. The two men, whoever they were, were evidently in the path by which she must go back. They had not seen her, but should she leave her position they would know that she had been within earshot all the time, and would at once classify her as an eavesdropper. She could not explain to them that she had not heard a word they had said. It was too late even to give warning of her presence in order that she might not hear what they still had to say.

While she was swiftly pondering her position she did hear something of what they still had to say, and then whatever notion she might have had of leaving her place was rendered of no avail by sheer astonishment and amazed anger.

"Well, admitting all that, there's no certainty that she's broken finally with Buckalew." This was the voice of young Brinsley that spoke, with a kind of hesitating querulousness.

And it was the voice of Brinsley, the elder, which answered, in low, harsh tones: "There was nothing to break. There was no engagement between them. We know that."

"Perhaps no engagement, but it lacked nothing but a word or two of being an engagement. I *know* that Buckalew worshipped the shoe on her foot, and I saw enough of her encouragement of him to know that there is no encouragement for me. *I* could see that, and feel it too!" The young man spoke with a kind of pathetic bitterness, but the tones that answered him had no pathos and no bitterness; no feeling at all, only the same low voiced hardness as before.

"You like the girl well enough to marry her, don't you?"

"Oh, father! Don't ask me that!" and indeed there was no need to ask it again after that exclamation.

"Very well," and there was no sympathetic modulation of the father's voice, "I like her well enough to wish very earnestly to have her for a daughter-in-law. If I can announce the engagement of my son to the enormously rich Miss Warwick, my credit becomes better than ever, and I shall come through the storm safe and sound. If not, I shall be a bankrupt in less than sixty days, and the day that sees your father a bankrupt will see him a suicide. Will you not try to save me in the gratification of what must also be your own dearest wish?" and for the first time the elder man's voice sounded an appealing note.

There was a little time of silence, and then the young man answered in a smothered kind of way:

"I will try, father, but it is only to save you. But it is wicked as well as hopeless. It is a shameful way to treat Buckalew. As for Eleanor, I love her too well to try to win her for myself, for I know she does not and will not care for any, but one man. I say it is wicked to try to get her from him, and I know it will be no use."

"*His* chance is hopelessly ruined already. He believes that she believes him to be a poor man, while the truth is that she believes him affianced to Miss Granger. She treats him cavalierly on that account, and he imagines that it is because of his supposed poverty. I've arranged all that, and smoothed those worst obstacles out of your path. The prospect of ruin makes an old man as successful in society details as an old woman. And that, by the way, is high praise for the old man; for a successful old woman of society is the equal of Richelieu any day. No, my son, there is no reason why you should not be a fortunate wooer. The very time to catch a heart is in the rebound."

"Let us go in," said the son. That was all he said, but he said it very strangely.

The shadow of the cloud had passed away from the white rose when Eleanor Warwick re-entered the crowd of guests. It was replaced by such a brilliancy of sunshine as dazzled all beholders. None had ever seen her as she was in the earlier part of the evening, and none had ever seen her as she was now, and yet the difference in the two moods was as great as the difference between two very distinct creations.

The elder Brinsley watched her even more closely than he had been accustomed to watch the price of stocks, and his heart misgave him when he saw the bravery of her new beauty. No indication there, he thought, of a buffeted heart rebounding to whatever hand might be stretched out to catch it; no hope there for any hesitating half purposed wooer like his son. The boldest and most confident lover might fear lest he should have to retire, baffled, from the brilliant and conquering presence. Still he watched, with the same fascination that held all beholders.

His astonished delight can hardly be imagined when he saw the beautiful Queen reach forth her hand to his son, and heard her say, with such sweet grace as she had bestowed on no other man during the evening:

"Mr. Brinsley, I have waited all the evening for your invitation, and after all I have to use my leap-year privilege and ask you to waltz with me."

The old man gave a sigh of perfect content as he saw them whirl away. As for the young man, he was only human, after all. He loved this girl with all the passion of his not very strong nature; and his fear of traitorous dishonor gave place to the exultant hope of selfish love. He forgot all the miserable things success would involve, and remembered only the delight of striving for success.

This young girl, too, was only a very human girl. She was not an angel, if she was a queen. In this supreme moment of surprised anger she remembered only that this man whose arm held her, had promised to ruin her hopes of happiness, so far as his power went; was busy in the effort to hopelessly wreck her life. She had no thought then of the terrible force that had swept him into this purpose; she had no memory of the honorable struggle he had made against this force, no thought for the strong and fine feeling he had shown, so surprising a development in this seemingly shallow young man of society.

She thought only of his final consent to dishonor, and of her purpose to punish him bitterly while she baffled his enterprise. She felt something of the cruel delight the Sirens must have felt as they charmed men to destruction, when the dance ended. She looked with dazzling steadfastness in his face, and said, with her sweetest smile:

"I see our old friend, Mr. Buckalew, standing over there alone. It is so long since I have talked with him, I quite long for a chat. Will you take me to him? By the way, do you know, they say he is dreadfully poor, after all."

She smiled more sweetly than ever as she felt her escort start nervously and saw him flush and grow pale. She looked at him with ostentatious waiting, as if expecting his answer, but no answer came before they reached Trevor Buckalew.

"Mr. Buckalew," said Eleanor, "No, no, Mr. Brinsley, I must still have your escort, and you must stay to hear the scolding I am going to give our neglected friend."

Poor Brinsley, pale now, and very ill at ease, stood still as he was bidden; Trevor Buckalew, half reluctant, and half eager, wholly surprised and wholly embarassed, forgetting even to give greeting, stood waiting for the next word, and Eleanor, radiant and seemingly wholly at her ease, was yet in no hurry to speak that next word. It was fortunate for the two gentlemen that the party stood in a corner swept by a curtain, and that Eleanor, with apparent carelessness, had swayed the folds of the curtain between them and the company, or neighboring eyes would have had a target that could not be missed.

"Mr. Buckalew," Eleanor went on, at her leisure and at her ease, "I'm taking full advantage of the year's privileges to-night, and so I call you to account for your shameful neglect of me lately. You have not even given me the opportunity of congratulating you upon your betrothal to Miss Granger."

"My—Miss Granger!" said Trevor, "your congratulations must be valued by any one who receives them, Miss Warwick, but I could not receive them, for I am not the happy betrothed of Miss Granger or—or any other lady."

"So I learned, half an hour since—in the conservatory," said Eleanor, flashing a smile on startled, shrinking young Brinsley. "But you have not told me why you were so neglectful of me. Was it because you believed that I believed you were poor?

"You changed so toward me," said Trevor, in an eager, but suppressed way. "You grew so cold and scornful; and then I heard that you had been told of my poverty."

"And you believed," answered Eleanor, full of earnestness now—they were both in danger of forgetting the presence of Mr. Brinsley—"You believed that I cared whether you were poor or not! I had never heard or cared to hear that you were rich, and I did not hear that you were poor. I never had even a thought as to whether your fortune consisted of a penny or of a million dollars!" Eleanor was speaking a little too fervently for strict prudence. Now, her smiles had disappeared, but not the shining from her eyes or the flush from her cheeks.

"Then why *did* you treat me as you did? Trevor had forsaken prudence utterly. His voice was low and tremulous, his eyes glowed and his hand caught hers as tenderly as if no other man's eyes beheld: "Why did you treat me as you did?

"It was because of—something else, something altogether different. It was a misunderstanding, and is set right now."

"Was it—Eleanor—was it because of—of Miss Granger?"

A little hush, a little dropping of the eyes, a little more flushing of the cheeks, a little straying to and fro of the hands; and then a brave, straight forward look into his eyes, and an answer in clear, steady tones:

"Yes, it was!"

"Yes, it was, Buckalew!" It was the forgotten Brinsley who spoke, "and I'll tell you how it came to pass. My father did it all—put you two by the ears—got those stories to you somehow to make a break between you. He's in hot water on the street, and wanted to save his credit by having me engaged to the rich Miss Warwick. I was willing enough, too, though not on his account, and this is the way I've commenced my courtship. Congratulate me, Buckalew!"

"Oh! Mr. Brinsley! wailed Eleanor, "Can you ever forgive me for treating you so? you see!" to Buckalew. "I overheard all this when Mr. Brinsley and his father talked in the conservatory, and he spoke so nobly and so generously about you and me, and only gave his consent when his father talked about ruin and suicide, I forgot all that and treated him so badly because I was so angry and so pleased. But," with a sudden fright, "*will* your father commit suicide do you think?"

"No," answered Trevor, "for we will not let him become bankrupt. We will try to pay part of our debt of happiness to him in money."

"He spoiled it for you in the first place; but I want you to put me finally out of my misery by telling me in plain,

set terms, that this is a genuine engagement."

There was no answer in words, but a moment later young Brinsley said with pathetic jollity:

"That will do, I am satisfied and at rest." Then the three came out from their retreat, and once more the crowd had something to talk about, and old Mr. Brinsley something to think about.

A FLORAL CALENDAR.

Thoreau, the fond lover and keen observer of nature, used to aver that were he to awake at any time during the season of verdure, from a slumber of years, he would be able to tell with exactness the month and the day of the month, by the flowers that should be in blossom. His boast was not so vain as it would seem to the ordinary individual, who, never studying the habits of vegetation, is ignorant of the laws that regulate them with such order that, once possessed of the key, it is easy to read their causes and sequences, backwards or forwards, either way. Each species of plant has its special time for flowering, which is uniform in the same climate—unless the latter be very wayward in its changes—and is very soon learned by the watchful botanist. Hence a floral calendar may be constructed for any particular locality which will predict with certainty, under common circumstances, the day in the year when most plants will for the first time put forth their blossoms.

But more than this, certain species of plants open and close their flowers, or, in other words, wake up and go to sleep again at definite hours of the day, and he who has noted their ways in this respect may discern from them the time of day with almost the precision as from an artificial chronometer. Linnæus, after a careful record of the facts, constructed a floral clock which marked the passage of the hours, as follows:

Morning-Glory opens at about 2 A. M., and closes at about 10 A. M.

Rutland Beauty opens at about 3 A. M., and closes at about 11 A. M.

Vegetable Oyster opens at about 4 A. M., and closes at about 12 M.

Poppy opens at about 5 A. M.

Bitter-Sweet opens at about 6 A. M.

Water Lily opens at about 7 A. M.

Scarlet Pimpernel opens at about 8 A. M.

The Marigold opens at about 9 A. M.

Sandwort opens at about 11 A. M.

White Star of Bethlehem opens at about 11 A. M.

Blue Passion-Flower opens at 12 M.

Chrysanthemum opens at about 2 P. M.

Four o'Clock opens at about 4 P. M.

The Night Flowering Catchfly opens at 8 P. M.

Evening Primrose opens at about 6 P. M.

Evening Lychnis opens at about 7 P. M.

Cereus Grandiflora opens at about 8 P. M.

Other flowers might be substituted for these, to suit different climates and localities.

But, besides telling us the time, plants may predict for us the weather, and with quite as much or even more certainty than "Old Probabilities" himself. The latter personage fails on an average, it is said, twenty times out of one hundred, while the plants, we venture to assert, would fail us almost never.

Herr Hanneman, Inspector of the Botanical Garden at Praskau, Germany, has indicated some of the plants that may serve as trustworthy barometers. For instance, the small-flowered bind weed and the scarlet pimpernel spread their leaves at the termination of wet weather. At nine o'clock in the morning, if the weather is to be clear, the common chickweed wakes up, opens its eyes, shakes out its leaves, and remains alert and active until noon; on the contrary, if rain be impending it refuses to rouse itself, and, assuming a drooping aspect, keeps its flowers tightly closed. Should it raise its lids, however, a little way to peep out slyly, we may be sure the rain is to be of short duration.

When the species of marigold opens between 6 and 7 in the morning and remains awake until 4 in the afternoon the weather will be steadily pleasant; but, if it does not open by 7 in the morning, its sensitive nature has felt rain in the atmosphere, and look you for a down pour. The prickly weeds by the wayside, with flowers, like miniature dandelions—called commonly hog-thistles—fold their pedals at night, when there is a promise of a pleasant morrow, otherwise they continue awake to improve the fleeting hours of fair weather. Should the bladder ketmia refuse to open its flowers; should the stemless thistle close its eyes; and the clover fold its leaves—like hands closing in prayer—rain is certain. So if the nipplewort fails to shut up its flowers for the night; if the yellow bed straw remains awake and exhales a strong perfume; and if the birches perfume the air, postpone the picnic appointed for the coming day, or take along umbrellas and mackintoshes.

AN INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG LADY.

BY LEVI TEES.

Amanda Doolittle had been educated to consider work of any description as being very unlady like. "Housework," she remarked, "was perfectly horrid, and as for sewing, why that was entirely beneath her dignity.

Among the young men of her acquaintance, there was no one she entertained a greater respect for, than Will Earnest, and after having repeatedly heard him express his admiration for industrious women her eyes were opened to the foolishness of her views, and she determined to achieve some feat to prove to him that she was capable of being industrious.

One evening as Amanda and Will were seated together in the parlor, she complained of feeling very tired.

"You have been working hard, I suppose," he said.

"Yes, I have been very busy all day," she replied.

"What have you been doing?" he enquired.

"Why, I cut out a *towel* and made it all by myself.

Will was so overcome by her wonderful industry, that he forgot to praise her commendable diligence, and if it had not been dark he might have seen the unbidden tears that welled to her eyes, as she thought of her work as "Love's labor lost."

DAY DREAMS.

BY SUSANNA J.

Only a dream—yet the dream was sweet!
Only a vision, fleeting and fair,
Of a life once lonely and incomplete,
Made suddenly happy beyond compare.

Of a heart once troubled and tried with pain,
Hearts that were weary and feet that were sore—
They should never be sad and tired again—
They should dwell in the shadows of grief no more!

For earth had grown bright with the beautiful light
Of a love that was noble and earnest and true;
And the kindred souls were dowered with strength
To begin the battle of Life anew.

Only a dream, and it died in its youth;
For Love may be slighted and Hope despised;
But in Heaven I know we shall learn the truth,
And our dreams shall be more than realized.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 24, Vol 24. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

ILL-OMENED CHANCES.

The following afternoon, as Sir Karl was returning from the town and about entering his own gate, Hewitt—who seemed to have been gossiping at the lodge with the gardener's wife, but who had probably been lingering about in hope of meeting his master—touched him on the shoulder, saying:

"I am afraid something is amiss at the Maze, sir," looking cautiously around and speaking in a low tone.

"Something amiss at the Maze!" cried Karl, in a tone of terror.

"Not *that*, sir; not the worst, thank Heaven! Sir Adam has been taken ill."

"Hush, Hewitt. No names. Ill in what way? How do you know it?"

"I had been to carry a note for my lady to old Mrs. Patchett, Sir Karl. Coming back, Ann Hopley overtook me; she was walking from the station at a fine rate. Her master had been taken most alarmingly ill, she said; and at any risk a doctor must be had to him. They did not dare to call in Mr. Moore, and she had been to the station then to telegraph for a stranger."

"Telegraph where?"

"To Basham, sir. For Doctor Cavendish."

Karl drew a deep breath. It seemed to be perplexity on perplexity: and he saw at once how much danger this step must involve.

"What is the matter with him, Hewitt? Do you know?"

"It was one of those fainting fits, sir. But they could not get him out of it, and for some time thought he was really dead. Mrs. Grey was nearly beside herself, Ann said, and insisted on having a doctor. He is better now, sir," added Hewitt, "and I think there's no need for you to go over unless you particularly wish. I went strolling about the road, thinking I might hear or see something more, and when Ann Hopley came to the gate to answer a ring, she told me he was quite himself again but still in bed. It was the pain made him faint."

"I cannot think what the pain is," murmured Karl. "Has the doctor been?"

Karl lifted his hat to rub his aching brow. He saw his wife sitting under one of the trees, and went forward to join her. The wan, weary look on her face, growing more wan, more weary, day by day, struck on him particularly in the waning light of the afternoon.

"Do you do well to sit here, Lucy?" he asked, as he flung himself beside her, in utter weariness.

"Why should I not?"

"I fancy the dew must be already rising."

"It will not hurt me. And if it did—what would it matter?"

The half reproaching, half indifferent accent in which it was uttered, served to try him. He knew what the words implied—that existence had, through him, become a burden to her. His nerves were strung already to their utmost tension; the trouble at heart was pressing him sore.

"Don't *you*, by your reproaches, make matters worse for me, Lucy, to-night. God knows that I have well-nigh more than I can bear."

The strangely-painful tone, so full of unmistakable anguish aroused her kindly nature. She turned to him with a sigh.

"I wish I could make things better for both of us, Karl."

"At least, you need not make them worse. What with one thing and another—"

"Well?" she said, her voice softened, as he paused.

"Nothing lies around me, Lucy, but perplexity and dread and pain. Look where I will, abroad or at home, there's not as much as a single ray of light to cheer my spirit or the faintest reflection of it. You cannot wonder that I am sometimes tempted to wish I could leave the world behind me."

"Have you had a pleasant day in town?" she asked, after a little while.

"No, I have had an unsatisfactory and trying day in all ways. And I have come home to find more to try me; more dissatisfaction *here*, more dread abroad. 'Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.' Some of us are destined to realize the truth in ourselves all too surely."

He looked at his watch, got up, and went in-doors without another word. Lucy gazed after him with yearning eyes; eyes that seemed to have some of the perplexity he spoke of in their depths. There were moments when she failed to understand her husband's moods. This was one.

Karl Wynne was bitterly tempted to ask of his own heart whether he could have fallen under the displeasure of Heaven, so persistently did every movement of his, intended for good, turn into an increased bank of danger. Poor Sir Adam had more need to question it than he; but nothing but ill-omened chances seemed to pursue him.

It is quite probable that when Ann Hopley and her flurried mistress decided to telegraph to Dr. Cavendish, of Basham, thought and hoped that the doctor would come back by train, pass quietly on foot into the Maze, so pass out again, and the public be none the wiser. Dr. Cavendish, however, who was out when the telegram arrived, drove over later in his gig; and the gig with the groom in it paced before the Maze gate while the doctor was engaged with the patient inside.

Just then there occurred one of those unhappy chances. Mr. Moore, the surgeon, happened to walk by with his daughter Jemima, and saw the gig—which he knew well—waiting about. It took him by surprise, as he had not heard that any one was ill in the vicinity. The groom touched his hat and Mr. Moore went up to him.

"Waiting for your master, James? Who is he with? Who is ill?"

"It's somebody down yonder, sir," replied the the man pointing back over his shoulder to indicate the Maze; but which action was not intelligible to the surgeon.

"Down where? At the Court?"

"No, sir. At the Maze."

"At the Maze!—Why who can be ill there?" cried Mr. Moore.

"I don't know, sir. Master had a telegram, telling him to come."

At that moment Dr. Cavendish was seen to leave the gate and come towards his gig. Mr. Moore walked quietly forward to meet him, and the gig turned.

"I suppose you have been called to Mrs. Grey, doctor," observed the surgeon as he shook hands. "Has she had a relapse? I wonder she did not send for me. I have but just given up attending her."

"Mrs. Grey!" returned the doctor. "Oh no. It is a gentleman I have been called to see."

"What gentleman?" asked the surgeon in surprise. "There's no gentleman at the Maze."

"One is there now. I don't know who it is. Some friend or relation of the lady's probably. Ah, Miss Jemima! blooming as ever, I perceive," he broke off, as the young lady came slowly up. "Could you not give some of us pale over-worked people a receipt for those roses on your cheeks?"

"What is it that's the matter with him?" interposed the surgeon, leaving his daughter to burst into her giggle.

Dr. Cavendish put his arm within his friend's, led him beyond the hearing of Miss Jemima, and said a few words in a low tone.

"Why the case must be a grave one!" exclaimed Mr. Moore aloud.

"*I* think so. I don's like the symptoms at all. For some cause or other, too, it seems he has not had advice till now; which makes it all the more dangerous."

"By the way, doctor, as you are here, I wish you would spare five minutes to see a poor woman with me," said Mr. Moore, passing from the other subject. "It won't hinder you much longer than that."

"All right, Moore. Who is it?"

"It's the widow of that poor fellow who died from sunstroke in the summer—Whittle. The woman has been ailing ever since, and very grave disease has now set in. I don't believe I shall save her; only yesterday it crossed my mind to wish you could see her. She lives just down below there, in one of the cottages beyond Foxwood Court."

They got into the gig, the physician taking the reins and telling his groom to follow on foot. Miss Jemima was left to make her own way home. She was rather a pretty girl, with a high color and a quantity of light brown curls, and her manners were straightforward and decisive.

The autumn evening was drawing on, twilight had set in. Miss Jemima stood a moment deliberating which way she should take; whether follow the gig and go round by the Court, or the other way. She finally decided for the latter. Turning briskly round she nearly ran against Mr. Strange. That gentleman had just got back from London whither he had gone to report what he had done so far, sent down again by the authorities at Scotland Yard, and was on his way from the state. The Maze had become an object of so much interest to him as to induce him to choose the long way round that would cause him to pass its gates, rather than take the direct road to the village. And here was another of those unfortunate accidents apparently springing out of sole chance! for the detective had seen the gig waiting, and halted in a bend of the hedge to watch the colloquy of the doctors.

"Good gracious, is it you, Mr. Strange" cried the young lady, beginning to giggle again. "Why, Mother Jinks declared this afternoon you had gone out for the day!"

"Did she? Well, when I stroll out I never know when I may get back; the country is more tempting in autumn than at any other season. That was a doctor's gig, was it not Miss Jemima?"

"Dr. Cavendish's of Basham," replied Miss Jemima, who enjoyed the honor of a tolerable intimacy with Mrs. Jink's lodger—as did most of the other young ladies frequenting the parson's pews.

"He must have come over to see some one. I wonder who is ill?"

"Papa wondered too when he first saw the gig. It is somebody at the Maze."

"Do you know who?"

"Well, they seemed to talk as if it were a gentleman. I did not notice much."

"A gentleman!"

"I think so. I am sure they said 'he' and 'him.' Perhaps Mrs. Grey's husband has arrived. Whoever it is, he must be very ill, for I heard papa say the case must be very 'grave;' and the doctor called it 'dangerous.' They have gone on together now to see poor Hannah Whittle."

Not since he had the case in hand had the detective's ears been regaled with so palatable a dish. That Philip Salter had been taken ill with some malady or another sufficiently serious to necessitate the summoning of a doctor, he fully believed. Miss Jemima resumed.

"I must say, considering that papa is the medical attendant there, that Mrs. Grey might have had the good manners to consult him first."

"It may be the old gardener that's ill," observed the detective slowly, who had been turning his thoughts about.

"So it may," acquiesced Miss Jemima. "He's but a poor and creachy old thing by all accounts. But no—they would hardly go to the expense of telegraphing for a physician for him with papa at hand."

"Oh they telegraphed, did they?"

"So the groom said."

"The girl is right," thought the detective, "they'd hardly telegraph if it were Hopley. It is Salter. And they have called in a stranger from a distance in preference to Mr. Moore close by. The latter might have talked to the neighborhood. You have done me a wonderful service, young lady, if you did but know it."

Mr. Strange did not offer to attend her home, but suffered her to depart alone. Miss Jemima, who was rather fond of a little flirtation, though she did perhaps favor one swain above all others, resented the slight in her heart.

Mr. Strange strolled on, revolving the aspect of affairs in his official mind. His next object must be to get to speak to Dr. Cavendish and learn whom it really was that he had been to see.

He turned back to the station; and was just in time to catch the train for Basham go puffing out.

The consequence of this was, that he did not reach Basham until past nine o'clock. Enquiring for the residence of Dr. Cavendish, he was directed to a substantial-looking house near the market place. A boy in buttons, who came to the door, said the doctor was not at home.

"I particularly wish to see him," said Mr. Strange. "Will he be long?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the boy. "Master don't never hardly see patients at this hour. None of 'em cares to come at night time."

"I am not a patient. My business with Dr. Cavendish is private and urgent. I will wait until he comes in."

The boy not daring to make objection to this, ushered the visitor into a small room that he called the study. It had one gas-light burning; just enough to illumine the bookshelves and a white bust or two that stood in the corners on pedestals. Here Mr. Strange was left to his reflections.

The waiting was somewhat weary. Ten o'clock. Unless Dr. Cavendish made his appearance shortly, Mr. Strange would lose the last train and have the pleasure of walking all the way from Basham. He was standing before one of the busts—the late Sir Robert Peel's—when the door opened and the doctor entered; a short, quick-speaking man with gray whiskers.

As a matter so much of course that it hardly needs mentioning, the detective had to be no less crafty in conducting this interview than he was in some other matters. To have said to Dr. Cavendish "I want from you a description of the patient you were called to see to-day that I may ascertain whether it be indeed an escaped criminal of whom I am in search," would have been to close the doctor's mouth. It was true that he might open his cards entirely and say "I am Detective Tatton from Scotland Yard, and I require you in the name of the law to give me all the information you can about the patient;" and in that case it was possible that the Doctor might deem himself obliged to give it. But he preferred to keep that master stroke in hand, and try another way.

He possessed pleasant manners and had a winning way with him—it has been already said, he spoke as a gentleman. Sitting down close to the Doctor, he began enquiring in an earnest tone after the new patient at the Maze, and spoke so feelingly about the patients in general, that he half-gained the physician's heart.

"Your are some close friend of the gentleman?" observed Dr. Cavendish. And the word "gentleman" set the one great doubt at rest.

"I am most deeply interested in him," said the detective; and the unsuspicious doctor never noticed the really sophistical nature of the answer.

"Well, I am sorry to tell you that I think him very ill. I don't know what they can have been about not to call in advice before." And in a few short words he stated what disease the symptoms seemed to threaten.

It startled the detective. He was sufficiently acquainted with surgery to know that it was one of difficulty and danger.

"Surely, Dr. Cavendish, he is not threatened with *that!*"

"I fear he is."

"Why, it will kill him! It is not curable, is it?"

"Rarely, if ever, when once it has certainly set in."

"And it kills soon."

"Generally."

Mr. Strange looked very blank. To hear that his prize might escape him by death—or might die close upon his capture, was eminently unsatisfactory. It would be a termination to the great affair he never thought of; it would tarnish all the laurels in a business point of view; and he was, besides, not a bad hearted man.

"He is very young for that kind of thing, is he not, Doctor?"

"Yes. Rather so."

"What brings it on, sir, in general?"

"Oh, various causes."

"Will trouble induce it?—I mean *great* trouble; anxiety; care?"

"Sometimes. Especially if there should be any hereditary tendency to it in the system."

"Well, I did not expect to hear this."

"Are you his brother?" asked the Doctor, seeing how cut-up the visitor looked. "Not that I detect any likeness."

"No, I am not his brother; or any other relative. Do you consider it a hopeless case, Dr. Cavendish?"

"I have not said that. I should not be justified in saying it. In fact, I have not yet formed a positive opinion on the case, and cannot do so until I shall have examined farther into it. All I say at present is, that I do not like the symptoms."

"And—if the symptoms turn out to be what you fear; to threaten the malady you speak of—what then?"

"Why then there will be very little hope for him."

"You are going over to him again then?"

"Of course. To-morrow. He is not in a state to be left without medical attendance."

"How long do you think it had been coming on, Doctor."

"I cannot tell you that. Not less than a twelvemonth, if it be what I fear."

Mr. Strange played with his watch chain. He wanted the description of the man yet—though in fact he felt so sure as hardly to need, only that detectives do not leave anything to chance.

"Would you mind telling me what you think of his looks, Dr. Cavendish?"

"Oh, as to his looks, they are the best part about him. His face is somewhat worn and pallid, but it is a very handsome face. I never saw a nicer set of teeth. His hair and short beard seem to have gone grey prematurely, for I should scarcely give him forty years."

"He is only five-and-thirty," spoke the detective, thinking of Salter. And that, as the reader may recall, was also about the real age of Sir Adam.

"Only that? Then in looks he has prematurely aged."

"In his prime, say two or three years ago, he was as good-looking a man as one would wish to see," observed the detective, preparing to give a gratuitous description of Salter. "A fine, tall, upright figure, strongly-built withal; and a pleasant, handsome, frank face, with fine dark eyes and hair, and a color fresh as a rose."

"Ay," acquiesced the physician. "I only saw him in bed, and he is now much changed, but I should judge that would be just the description that once applied to him. You seem to hint at some great trouble or sorrow that he has gone through; he gives me just that idea. Of what nature was it?—if I may ask."

"It was trouble that was brought upon him by himself, and *that* is always the most trying to bear. As to its nature—you must pardon me for declining to particularize it, Dr. Cavendish, but I am really not at liberty to do so. Do not put the refusal down to discourtesy. It is not yet over; and the chances are that you will certainly hear all about it in a day or two."

Dr. Cavendish nodded. He assumed the words to imply that the patient himself would enlighten him. As to the detective, his mission was over, and well over. He had learnt all he wanted; what he had suspected was confirmed.

"I thank you greatly for your courtesy, Mr. Cavendish."

"You are welcome," said the doctor, "Mind, I have not expressed any certain opinion as to his non-recovery. Don't go and alarm him. What I have said to you was said in confidence."

"You may depend upon me. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANN HOPLEY STARTLED.

The morning sun was chasing the dew from the grass; and the lawn at the Maze, glittering so brightly in the welcome rays, told no tales of the strange feet that had, unbidden and unsuspected, trodden it in the night. Mrs. Grey, looking wondrously pretty and delicate in her white morning gown, with her golden hair as bright as the sunshine, sat at breakfast in a little room whose window was beside the entrance porch. Her baby, wide awake but quiet and good, lay covered up on the sofa in its night dress. She was talking to it as she eat her breakfast, and the wide open little eyes were turned to her as if understood.

Ann Hopley was upstairs, making the beds and attending to matters there generally. Until her room was ready and the fire had burnt up well to dress the baby by, Mrs. Grey would stay where she was, consequently she was at full liberty to linger over her breakfast. There was something in the extreme quietness of the little child and in its passive face, that, to a more experienced eye might have suggested doubts of its well-being; a perfectly healthy infant is apt to be as troublesome as it can be. Mrs. Grey suspected nothing. It had improved much since its baptism, and she supposed it to be getting strong and healthy. A soft, plaintive note, escaped the child's lips.

"Yes, my baby. Mamma has not forgotten you. The room will soon be warm, and baby shall be dressed. And then mamma will wrap it up well and wrap herself up, and sit out of doors in the sunshine. And papa——"

The words died off in a low wail of horror; her heart seemed to die away in the faintness of sick despair. Something like a dark cloud had passed the window, shutting out for a moment the glad sunshine on the grass. It was Mr. Detective Strange; and, following closely on his heels, were the same two policemen, both of them this time in official clothes. They had come through the Maze without warning, no doubt by the help of the passe-partout, and were making swiftly for the entrance door—that lay open in the morning air. Her supposition was that they had fathomed Adam's system of concealment.

"God help us! God save and protect us!" breathed the poor wife, clasping her hands, and every drop of blood going out of her ashy face.

Mr. Strange, who had seen her through the window, was in the room without a moment's delay. He was courteous as before; and even before he had spoken a word, the keen, practised eye took in the visible signs. The small parlor, affording no possibility for the concealment of Salter; the baby on the sofa; the breakfast, laid for one only, of which Mrs. Grey was partaking.

"He was very sorry to be obliged to intrude upon her again; but he had orders once more to search the Maze; and could but obey them. And he begged her to believe that she herself, individually, should be subjected to no annoyance or restraint.

She made no answer; she could collect neither thoughts nor words to do so in her terrible fear. Mr. Strange retreated with a bow, and closed the door again, making a mental comment upon her evident distress, her ghastly looks.

"There's no mistake, I think, that he is ready to our hands this time; her face alone would betray it. The curious thing is where was he before?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INTERESTING TO SMOKERS.

A feature of the Exhibition of peculiar interest to smokers is the fine array of meerschaum pipes from Vienna, varying in price all the way from $25 to $1,200. One representing a dog's head, about four inches in diameter, with a tremendous mouthpiece of amber, is valued at $400. There is also a small mountain of meerschaum, designed for use as a hookah, the price of which is $600. The forms into which they are carved are innumerable—men and women of all races, brutes, wild and domestic, cattle with amber horns; in fact, nearly all animate and inanimate creation. Mythology, too, is largely drawn upon for subjects. On one there is a fair young face with smiling mouth and expectant eyes, while an abundance of hair rolls off from the brow in gracefully-curling masses; one arm bears a basket of flowers; in the hand is a bouquet; while upon the other hand, which is lifted almost to a level with the eyes, is perched a tiny bird. The whole forms a complete picture and costs $900. Another female head represents one of the gay Viennese women, with her saucy cap tipped slightly over on one side, a debonnaire, yet not coarse expression upon the face, which seems like one of those faces made to live only for love. Vienna by the way, is the headquarters of the meerschaum pipe trade. There are twenty-five meerschaum dealers there, and they control the markets of the world. There are 125 factories in the city, employing over 2,000 people. Women and children are employed for the easier kinds of work, such as boiling and polishing. The skilled carvers are highly paid, and as high as $100 are paid for a single piece of very elaborate work. Of course many days and even weeks are required to finish these finer kinds.

It is difficult to be just for the present moment; if indifferent it bores us; the good one has to carry, and the bad one to drag along.

REVIEWER'S NOTES.

The Doctrine of Prayer: Its utility; and its relation to Providence. By P. H. Mell, D. D., L.L.D., Professor of Ethics and Metaphysics in the University of Georgia.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Botany. By J. D. Hooker, C.B., F.R.S., with illustrations. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

This is the eighth of the scientific Primers, edited by Professors Huxley, Roscoe and Balfour Stewart, designed to supply an elementary knowledge of the principal facts of plant life, and to apply the same to the methodical study of Botany.

From Sheldon & Co., New York.

Commenting and Commentaries. By C. H. Spurgeon.

This is the second volume of a series of works very useful to students and ministers, prepared by Mr. Spurgeon, containing two lectures addressed to the students of the Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. It has also a list of the best Biblical commentaries and expositions, compiled by Mr. Spurgeon himself, and in almost every case the books mentioned were actually examined by him which of itself renders this an extremely valuable one.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

A Paragraph History of the American Revolution. By Edward Abbott. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A very timely little book, just the thing to be in the pockets of every visitor to Philadelphia, and intended for the information of those who may never have read a history of what our country's fathers did in the Revolutionary times, as for an incentive and directory to a broader and fuller study, which should hold a first place in the minds of every American old and young.

From Harper Brothers, New York.

Stray Studies from England and Italy. By John Richard Green.

This book contains a variety of very interesting and well-written sketches, some of which have already appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* and *Saturday Review*, and the whole forms a very attractive and readable volume. A great deal of information regarding the customs and different places in the countries visited is given, which is not ordinarily obtainable from books of travel.

Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot. Vol. I.

A new work by the celebrated author of "Adam Bede," and the "Mill on the Floss," is sure to be welcomed by all lovers of good fiction, and so far as we can judge by a perusal of the first volume only, "Daniel Deronda" promises to rank with, if not to surpass, any of her former works, and is fully worthy of the genius of its gifted author. Of course, until we have read the second volume, it will not be possible for us to give a full and intelligent criticism.

From S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

Brainard's Musical World, for June, 1876, contains three songs and two instrumental pieces) alone well worth the subscription price for one year (besides the latest musical news at home and abroad, and interesting reading matter on musical subjects.

NEW MUSIC.

From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

"Wanda," mazurka brillante, by Gustave Lange; "Paries' Parade," march, by Frank M. Davis.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York.

The Orpheus, for June, 1876. An excellent number containing two new songs and a choice selection of reading matter.

From C. D. Russell & Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Singers Watchword," part-song for male voices, by H. A. Wollenhaupt; polonaise by A. Savan; Gavotte, in G minor, by C. Saint Saëns; dance by John K. Paine.

From W. H. Ewald & Bro., Jersey City, N. J.

"New Jersey's Grand Centennial March," by H. F. Wagner; "I'll Keep a Sweet Kiss for You, Darling," song and chorus, music by H. F. Wagner.

From C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Song Journal, for June, 1876. A more than ordinarily choice number, with two new pieces, "A Leaf from the Spray" and "The Little Ensign," along with a miscellany of very useful articles on subjects of interest to all readers, musical or otherwise.

White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass.

"You Know You Do," ballad by Harry Birde; "At the Ebbing of the Tide," song for mezzo soprano or tenor; words and music by Nolet; "Premiere Mazourka," for piano, by Camille Saint-Saëns; "Sparkling Rill," for piano by T. P. Ryder; "Home," song and chorus, words by C. H. Webber; music by Jean M. Missud; "Our Nations," medley containing five popular airs, by Chas. D. Blake; "Our Friends," schottische, by E. N. Catlin.

From J. E. Ditson & Co., Philadelphia.

"By the Brookside," idyl for the Piano, by A. Goldes; "The Rose of Castile," march, composed by Halfe, arranged by J. S. Knight; "Star Spangled Banner," and "Air Marseillaise," two numbers of a Centennial set for the piano by R. Mack; "Centennial on the Brain," music by Gomer Thomas, words by Arthur W. French; "La Petite Mariee," (the Little Bride) waltz, Opera Bouffe de Ch. Lecocq. Arranged by Reed Aronson; "One Hundred Years Ago, reverie for Piano, by R. Mack; "Hunters in Ambush," for piano, by R. Schumann; La Petite Mariee, Lancers, arranged by Reed Aronson; "Shower of Diamonds," valse, by N. A. Barbi; "Amy Waltz," by J. H. Milliken; "Bells, oh Changing Bells," song, by Henry Smart; "Speed the Plow," song of the Grangers, Words by George Cooper, music by Harry Marton; "Keeping Step Together," A marching song for Reform clubs, words and music by E. W. Locke; "Machinery March" by R. Mack.

While Pastor of the Canton Church New Jersey, some years ago, I temporarily lost my voice, and was in consequence unable to preach for nearly a year. Last spring I began to have all the symptoms of losing it again, I labored with great difficulty, fearing each time I preached would be the last. In July I commenced using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, at the same time rubbing my throat and chest freely with the Liniment. I gargled my throat daily according to the directions given in Dr. Jayne's Almanac, at the same time taking the Expectorant regularly. Feeling very much better, I discontinued the use of the Gargle and the Liniment, but still kept on with the Expectorant. This winter I have been more exposed, and preach oftener than for many years past, and yet my voice seems to be growing stronger, and were it not for the requirements of my calling, I firmly believe a permanent cure would be effected by the Expectorant. At all events the good it has done, and is doing me, makes me anxious to recommend it to all who are suffering from Throat or Lung Complaint.—*Rev. W. Pike, Lakeville, Washington County, N. Y.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Fence posts can be made almost imperishable by a coat of linseed oil mixed with pulverized charcoal, and boiled to the consistency of paint, and then brushed over that part of the post that is to be placed in the ground.

Cabbages to grow fast and head out well, must be hoed often, and this should be done early in the morning, while the dew is on. Most kind of vegetables will do better if hoed while the soil is wet with dew or a slight rain.

A peach grower who had never had his fruit assailed by bees and always disputed the fact that bees would devour peaches, changed his location and became possessed of a swarm of bees which made such havoc among his peaches that he was led to destroy the bees. Bees when in a starving condition will depredate on the peach, but a few pounds of sugar in water will satisfy the bees and save the fruit.

From the reports presented at the recent meeting of the Cranberry Growers' Association at Trenton, N. J., it appears that the area under cranberry culture in New Jersey is 5,000 acres, and the cost thereof was $1,750,000 The total acreage of the country in cranberries is some 15,000 acres; at a cost valuation of $4,375,000. The production in 1874 was estimated at 250,000 bushels; in 1875, 210,000.

Los Angelos wine-makers employ the primitive mode of crushing grapes by trampling with the bare feet. About a score of half-naked Indians do the trampling, and it is truly delicious to see the purple juice squirting up through their toes and mingling with the perspiration which streams from every pore. Wine made by this simple yet beautiful method, must possess a peculiarly fine flavor.

It cannot be too often repeated that the manure in the barn-yard properly preserved under cover, is worth twice as much as that which is left exposed to the elements, its best constituents being washed away before its application to the crop. Do not, in the hurry of your crops, forget either your compost heap or the importance of keeping its contents from exposure to air and water. The trouble and expense of the covering will be repaid many times in one season.

A fruit grower in Missouri, after spending 36 years and testing 130 varieties, says: The Ben Davis is a perfect success all over the West. The tree is hardy, a good grower, bear young, and is full every year. Its fruit is very attractive in appearance, and sells from 15 to 25 per cent. higher than any other variety; the grower does not have to hunt buyers—they hunt him. I am removing my old orchard at the rate of 200 trees yearly, and will in the future plant nothing but Ben Davis." This is an excellent variety, and is popular in almost every section of the country.

Stirring Ground Frequently.—A frequent stirring of the surface of the ground during the early part of the season, is about if not quite as good as a coat of manure. In fact our experience and observation has taught us that we succeed better with our young plantations of our bearing ones, of raspberries, currants, dwarf pears, etc., by a regular system of stirring the surface-soil at least once a week, than by means of a heavy dressing of manure and only two hoeings for the season. A light, loose surface admits heat, air and moisture, all combining, and necessary food for the plants, while a hard, compact surface excludes these influences and prevents the action of chemical or natural changes, and hence the comparatively moist condition of the plant.

Somebody has been at the trouble of condensing a great deal of information about wheat culture, as follows, into a small compass:

1. The best soil for wheat is a rich clay loam.
2. Wheat likes a good, deep, soft bed.
3. Clover turned under makes just such a bed.
4. The best seed is heavy, oily, plump and clean.
5. About two inches is the best depth for sowing the seed.
6. The drill puts in the seed better and cheaper than broad casting.
7. If drilled, one bushel of seed per acre; if sown broadcast, two bushels.
8. One heavy rolling after sowing does much good.
9. For flour, cut when the grain begins to harden; for seed, not until it has hardened.

Propagating Dahlias.—It is the usual custom among amateur gardeners to plant out the old bunch of tubers just as it was lifted the previous Autumn, under the impression that "in union there is strength." The experience of gardeners, however, is adverse to this, and the owner of a hot-bed should always put out the old tubers to sprout, the same as if a large stock of young plants was needed for sale. If but few are needed, all that will be necessary is to divide the crown carefully after the shoots show themselves above the soil, giving to each young plant a portion of tuber. If a still greater number should be needed, the shoots may be cut off and rooted in pure sand or sandy soil, when a fresh crop of shoots will take their place. These cuttings from the soft young wood emit roots very quickly, after which they should be potted off and set on a brisk hot-bed to form plenty of fibres before the season arrives for removal to their permanent home in the open ground.

IRISH MUSIC.

Ireland from a remote period has been celebrated for its cultivation of music, and admitted as one of the parent countries of that art. Most of the national airs are so old that their authors and the eras in which they composed them are unknown.

It has been said that the oldest Irish tones are the most perfect, and history accords with this opinion. Galilei, Bacon, Stanihurst, Spenser, and Camden, in the sixteenth century, speak warmly of Irish music, but not so highly as Polydore Virgil, and Major in the fifteenth, Clynn in the middle of fourteenth, or Fordan in the thirteenth. As we recede yet further, we find Cambrensis, Brompton, and John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, bestowing still more lofty ecomiums; and these again falling short of the accounts which the Welsh historians give the eleventh and tenth centuries. In conformity with this, Fuller, in his account of the crusade conducted by Godfrey of Bouillon, says: "Yea, we might well think that all the concert of Christendom in the war would have made no music if the Irish harp had been wanting."

The ancient musical instruments of the Irish were the harp, the bagpipe, the horn, the trumpet, a rude kind of violin, the drum, etc.; but the chief was the harp.

According to Brompton, in the reign of Hedry II, the Irish had two kinds of harps—the one bold and rapid, the other soft and soothing. The small harp, like that described as Brian Boru's, was strung with single strings, and principally used by ladies and ecclesiastics as an accompaniment to their songs and hymns. The larger instrument, strung with double strings, was used in the public assemblies of the people, and upon all great occasions.

Such was the prevalence of the harp in early times in Ireland, "that every hero and every virgin could touch its strings." At the annual "feast of shells" this instrument was handed round, so that each one of the company might modulate his voice to its soft tone in turn; not to be capable of sweeping it in a masterly manner was deemed a disgrace, even to royalty. "In every house," says O'Halloran, "there was one or two harps free to all travelers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music." In allusion to this practice, the beautiful lines of the "Bard of Erin" present an elegant illustration. The poet-bard thus makes his bequest:—

"When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall:
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travelers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft notes in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song."

The most interesting Irish harp in existence is that still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. It gives us an accurate illustration of the state of the instrument about the earlier part of the fourteenth century, as also the skill of the artificer of that period. This instrument has been long popularly known as being Brian Boru's harp, but its history is now more clearly traced. It belonged to the illustrious family of O'Neil; and it is an interesting circumstance in the history of this harp that the last minstrel who "revived its soft chords" was descended from the same royal race to whom it originally owed its existence, for the celebrated Arthur O'Neil awoke its dormant harmonies, at Limerick, in 1760.

"TAKING LIBERTIES."

There are some historical characters which seem to stand out from the rest of mankind, clear and distinct in their dignity. In social life many such may be met, whose less public position does not cause them to be cited and remembered as examples. When men from any cause become prominent before the world, there are parts of their characters which seem to be peculiarities, but which they hold in common with thousands of others. Washington in America and Lafayette in France are statuesque in the conception of all minds. They are dignified figures in the thought of all men. No one can call up their images without a sentiment of respect.

As already said, in dignity and in the concessions made by others to that dignity, these illustrious men were not alone. In the private ranks of life there are many men, and women, too, who, so far as their intercourse extends, demand respect, and receive it. The reason for this is the same in public life and in private. The Duke of Wellington gives us the key to the matter. In the "Correspondence and Table Talk" of Haydon, the painter, just published in London, the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, in a conversation at which Haydon was present, "The Duke of Marlborough, because he was an old man, was treated like an old woman. I won't be; and the reason why I have a right never to have a liberty taken with me is because I never take a liberty with any man." There is the solution in a nutshell. Those who would be treated with respect must accord to others what they desire for themselves.

There is an anecdote of Washington never, so far as we have seen, deemed of sufficient importance to find a place in formal biography or history, which is in point. While President of the United States, he was one day the subject of conversation among some of his former companions in arms. His stately demeanor was referred to as enforcing respect. One of the gentlemen—not conspicuous for *his* dignity of carriage—ridiculed the President's "awe-inspiring presence." He declared that he would not hesitate to clap the President on the back, and, under the banter of his companions, carried out his boast. The look of astonished indignation with which Washington turned round upon him was an everlasting lesson to him on the subject of personal dignity. Of course the assumption of dignity is not possible for all men—and, indeed, any "*assumption*" is ridiculous. What would inspire respect in a Washington or Lafayette, or a Wellington, might be simply ridiculous in others. But courtesy and reasonable deference is every man's due; and the "Iron Duke's" rule holds here: "I have a right never to have a liberty taken with me, because I never take a liberty with any man." If one does not to others what he wishes they should do to him, he may be assured that what he actually does will be returned to him. Practical jokes and personal liberties are of exceptional safety even among friends.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

HE DIDN'T LIKE TO TELL BEFORE FOLKS.

A horney-handed phrenologist in a West End grocery of Madison, Wis., the other evening placed his hand on a friend's head and said:

"Bill, do you want to know your capacity and preceptibleness?"

"Yes, if I've got any," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the phrenologist, "I place the tip of my thumb above the center of the ear, thus. Then I extend my fingers around the posterior portion, called in frenology oxy-pot; then I join the tips of the fingers of both hands and endeavor to bring the thumb tips together, but the thumbs don't meet by——great goodness!"

At this point the phrenologist looked puzzled, and gazed up to the ceiling reflectively and gravely.

"Out with it—I am prepared to hear the worst," said Bill.

But the phrenologist said he'd have to tell him privately, and took him out and up the street till near a saloon door, when he paused and whispered in Bill's ear:

"You've got a powerful brain, a powerful intelleck, and orto be in Congress 'stead of using a hammer."

Bill dragged his friend into the saloon and called for the "best in the house." They drank, and Bill asked:

"Why didn't you tell me in the presence of those men in the grocery?"

"Because," said the phrenologist, "I knew they'd call me a darned fool!"

Use Good English.—A great deal depends on early habit; and correct language learned in early life is easily continued ever afterward. Whenever young persons use a wrong word, let them immediately select the right expression and repeat it to themselves a number of times, and in this way it will soon become easy and natural. Without such repetition in use they will certainly fail. Everything in life depends on a good use of English; and on the other hand, nothing will retard successful progress in life sooner than bad English, bad pronunciation, and slang words. Edward Everett said, that "to read the English language well, to write a neat, legible hand, and to be master of the first four rules of arithmetic—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education."

The boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth frequently has to taste pewter before his pilgrimage is over; and he may have the pleasure of being splashed with mud from the carriage-wheels of the man who was once his father's porter.

FACETIÆ.

Intelligent housemaid—"Oh, please, miss, there was a young gentleman called when you was out. He didn't leave no card, miss, but I can show you who he is, 'cause there's three of his photygraphs in your album."

The Test of Love.—He was such a nice-looking young man, and, it being Sunday evening too, the waiter-girls at the hotel decided among themselves that he would not touch the dish of raw onions placed at his left hand. He did hesitate, but only for a moment—piece after piece was lifted to his mouth and disposed of. Presently he lifted the last one, shook the vinegar off, and carefully wrapped it in his silk handkerchief. As he did so, the hotel-girls heard him soliloquise: "I believe that Gertrude loves me. She says as if she did, and actions speak louder than words. To-night I shall test her love. If I am the cherished of her heart, she will not refuse to taste of this onion, so that my breath will not be perceivable. If she is cold and fickle, I will rush from her father's mansion, and never love again!"

They were standing in front of her gate, having just returned from a dance. His right arm was occupied in holding her up, while his shoulder furnished a resting-place for her little head; and they were watching the bright and glorious moon. It was the same old moon which had looked down on so many similar scenes, but somehow it had a different appearance to-night. It influenced the young man to such a degree that he said, "With what refulgence does bright Luna shed her rays upon all inanimate creation, weaving weird, fantastic shadows among the leafless trees, and spreading a silver glory over all! Do you observe the magnificent effect, Mamie?" "Yes, indeed, Henry," she returned. "And did you see that Jen Clemens at the dance? She had on her last winter's dress, made over; and she's worn that blue waist ever since I can remember. I never saw such an ugly-looking thing." Henry agreed.

"Harry, give me a bite of your apple!" said one little fellow to another. "No," refused Harry, eating away rapidly. "You won't like this; it is a cooking apple—and I never give a fellow a bite of a cooking apple."

Couldn't fool Her.—A stout, ruddy-faced woman, with a basket on her arm, bought some calico at Quackenbush's the other day, and received in change a fifty cent silver piece. She pitched it up turned it over, looked at it curiously, and laying it back on the counter, asked: "Phat d'ye call that?"

"That's a fifty cent piece, madam," replied the polite clerk, who thought the customer was making "game" of him.

"Phat is it y' say?" said the old woman, and she took up the coin and held it in the palm of her hand to the light.

"It's a fifty cent piece, madam—silver—new coinage."

"Ah, ah? Silver, is it, ye tell me?"

"Certainly, madam," said the clerk, recovering himself, and sounding the coin on the counter. "That's the genuine silver, just being circulated by the Government, you know."

"I'll have none of it," said the woman decidedly, as she shoved the silver piece back. "Give me the honest, daciut, common kind of money. I'll take none of that jinglin', shinin' stuff."

Astonished and nettled the clerk inquired, "Well, why not? It's as good as paper currency, and better. Why it's silver; don't you see?"

"Yis, yis, that's all well enough, but how do I know but phat it's tin? Come now, give that to some of the foine ladies, and give me the shinplasters. I don't take no likon to new fanaymedangles anyhow."

The clerk took back the half dollar, gave the woman paper money, and she was satisfied. Fact.

The War against Disease.

The war waged against disease by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters goes bravely on. Dispatches are constantly received from the cured indicating the decisive nature of the advantages obtained by the great botanic cordial over its formidable adversary. Malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and rheumatic ailments invariably yield to this conqueror and preventive of disease. For the infirmities incident to the decline of life it is also an excellent specific. It hastens convalescence and repairs the ravages of ill health by facilitating the conversion of food into blood of a rich and nourishing quality. The appetite is improved by it, and in cases of nervous disease it tranquilises that great sensorium, the brain, far more effectually than any mineral sedative.

A $200,000 HOTEL.

What Dr. Pierce is Doing—An Important Enterprise.

We learn that Dr. R. V. Pierce, proprietor of the "World's Dispensary," in this city, has perfected the purchase of a large lot of land, on which he proposes to erect a large hotel for the accommodation of his numerous patients, coming hither from all the points of the compass. The land purchased by the enterprising Doctor is 234 feet on Prospect Avenue, running through to Fargo Avenue, 332 feet; also an adjoining lot extending from the above to Connecticut Street. It is in the midst of our extensive system of public parks, fronts the old and beautiful Prospect Park, is but a short distance from the "Circle" in one direction, and the "Lake Front" in the other. The site selected is a fine one, being both beautiful and healthful; is one of the highest portions of our city, easily access ble yet sufficiently retired to secure quiet, and commands a pleasant view of the lake and river, as well as the surrounding city and country. We understand that it is the intention of Dr. Pierce to erect a hotel at the cost of at least two hundred thousand dollars, where those who come to enjoy the benefit of his treatment may find all desired accommodations under one roof, instead of being scattered over the city, as at present. We are further given to understand that our architects will be invited to submit plans for the proposed structure without delay.—*Buffalo Express.*

FOR DEBILITY.

Arising from over-exertion, sickness, or from any cause whatever, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic is a valuable remedy, containing the nourishing and life-supporting properties of many natural productions; its strengthening properties are truly wonderful. A single bottle will demonstrate its value.

Prepared by Dr. S. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by all druggists.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON

It has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness attended with symptoms, indisposition to exertion, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, weakness, horror of disease, night sweats, cold feet, weakness, dimness of vision, languor, universal lassitude of the muscular system, enormous appetite, with dyspeptic symptoms, hot hands, flushing of the body, dryness of the skin, pallid countenance and eruptions on the face, purifying the blood, pain in the back, heaviness of the eyelids, frequent black spots flying before the eyes, with suffusion and loss of sight, want of attention, etc. Sold only in $1 bottles. Get the genuine. Depot and office, 229 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Advice free. Ask for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other make. Genuine sold only in $1 bottles.

Nervous Debility! Nervous Debility!

Debility, a depressed irritable state of mind, a weak, nervous exhausted feeling, no energy or animation, confused head, weak memory, the consequence of excesses, mental overwork. This nervous debility finds a sovereign cure in E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency and rejuvenates the entire system. Sold only in $1 bottles. Get the genuine. Office, 229 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Ask for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. Genuine sold only in $1 bottles.

Tape Worm

Removed alive with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. Kunkel, 229 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. Call and see; Advice free. Send for circular. Ask your druggist for Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price $1. It never fails.

USE the MODEL PRESS and do all your own Printing. BEST IN THE WORLD For Business Men and Young Printers. Thousands in use. Send two 3 cent stamps for a profusely illustrated 80 page Catalogue and Price List, entitled, "How to Print." J. W. Daughaday & Co., Mfrs. and Dealers in Type and Printing Material, 624 & 626 Wal- nut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR: CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

POND'S EXTRACT

The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over thirty years, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains or Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

FEMALE WEAKNESSES.—It always relieves pain in the back and loins, fullness and pressing pain in the head, nausea, vertigo.

IN LEUCORRHŒA it has no equal. All kinds of ulcerations to which ladies are subject are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.

PILES—blind or bleeding—meet prompt relief and ready cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate, can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS.—It is the only sure cure for this distressing and dangerous condition.

KIDNEY DISEASES.—It has no equal for permanent cure.

BLEEDING from any cause. For this it is a specific. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from nose, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Toothache and Earache are all alike relieved, and often permanently cured.

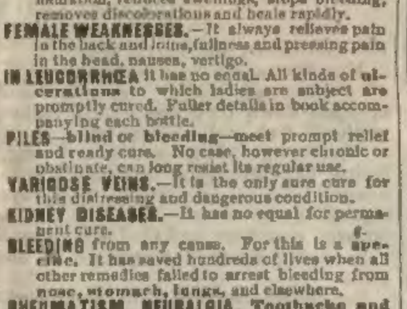
PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with **Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel** recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for **Swellings** of all kinds, **Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils**, simple and chronic **Diarrhœa, Catarrh**, for which it is a specific, **Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes**, etc., **Chapped Hands, Face**, and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE.—Removes **Soreness, Roughness**, and **Smarting**; heals **Cuts, Eruptions**, and **Pimples**. It **refines, invigorates**, and **refreshes**, while wonderfully improving the **Complexion.**

TO FARMERS.—**Pond's Extract.** No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the Leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and Great Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for **Sprains, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Stiffness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleeding, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds**, etc. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as in every Farm-house. Let it be tried once, and you will never be without it.

CAUTION.—**Pond's Extract** has been imitated. The genuine article has the words **Pond's Extract** blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the **only persons living** who ever knew how to prepare it properly. Refuse all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

HISTORY AND USES OF POND'S EXTRACT, in pamphlet form, sent free on application to **POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY,** 98 Maiden Lane, New York.



THE CENTRAL PARK TEST.

NEW YORK, May 25th, 1876.

WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET CO.,
34 Dey Street, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

100 of your **Wakefield Closets** have been in use **four years** in Central Park. They have given *entire satisfaction*. We have ceased using the Water Closets, which were *contaminating the water* of our lakes. Respectfully,

JULIUS MUNCKWITZ, Supt. D. P. P.

GRAND EXPOSITION HOTEL,
PHILADELPHIA, May 18, 1876.

Gentlemen: The fifty

CABINET CLOSETS

that you sent me give general satisfaction to our guests. We will send you an order shortly for as many more. M. RILEY, Manager.

For further Testimonials and Descriptive Circulars send to

WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET CO.,
34 Dey Street, N. Y.

Or Agency, 900 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co. Portland, Me.

25 FANCY CARDS, new styles, with name, 10c. postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co. N. Y.

20 Snow-Flake or Damask Cards, with name, 10c. 3 Mixed cards, with name, fancy ivs, 10c. Outfit, 25 styles, 10c. DAVIS & CO., Fishkill L'dg, N. Y.

PATENT OPEN-WORK BANNERS, FLAGS and POLITICAL PORTRAITS, to order by HOYER & GRAHAM, 97 Duane St., New York.

WANTED—AGENTS—For a magnificent work of high character. New, novel and attractive. It brings large returns at once. A. C. ROWE, Cleveland, Ohio.

FARM FOR SALE. 151 acres valuable Grass and Grain land. Good buildings, orchard, water, etc. Near village, R. R. depot and P. O. Terms easy. Address, H. Seaman, Millport, Chemung Co., N. Y.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

YES WE WANT an agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $3 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St., New York.

$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and outfit FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

STILL AHEAD. Your name neatly printed on 30 nice Bristol Cards for 15 cts.; 50 Granite, 20 cts.; 30 Acquaintance Cards, 15 cts.; elegant Card Cases, 10 and 15 cts. each. Standard Card Co., Brockton, Mass.

READERS Writing to advertisers will advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

DO YOU WANT Male or Female. Send your address and get something that will bring you in honorably over $150 a month sure. INVENTORS' UNION, No. 173 Greenwich Street, New York.

"GOLD." A solid Alaska bosom Pin, plated set of bosom studs or ladies cuff buttons, with a rare bound book sent free. Agents $8. a day. Send 10 cents for postage. SMITH & CO., Palatine, Ills.

MIND READING, PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly. 400 pages. By mail 50c. Hunt & Co., 139 84 Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT!!

We give the **SOCIAL VISITOR**, largest and best story paper in the country, 3 months on trial, and pair sleeve buttons, and gold plated collar stud for 15 Cts. "Social Visitor Co." Boston, Mass. box 3139.

TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL, a complete practical guide to collecting, preparing, preserving, and mounting animals, birds, reptiles, insects, &c. Illustrated. 50 cents of booksellers, or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT
CENTENNIAL HISTORY

It sells faster than any other book ever published. One Agent sold 81 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$3000 CASH. HEALTHIEST PLACE IN the U. S. Very pretty farm of 20½ acres, well fenced. Good house, barn, outbuildings, horse, wagons, chickens, turkeys, ducks, &c. A beautiful stream runs through the grounds. Good private reasons given for selling. Apply to T. W., Box 227, Vineland, N. J.

WE CAN'T BE BEAT. 20 handsome Address Cards, no two alike, your name on them all for 10 cts. and stamp. A large spicy paper and list of all styles with order, or paper and samples for 3 cts. O. B. ULTMAN, 12 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.

Men or women, $34 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risks. A 16-page circular and valuable samples free. Do not delay, but write at once on postal card to P. M. REED, 8th St., New York.

$100 INVENTED HAS PAID A PROFIT OF $1,700

during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in STOCKS. Book containing full information sent on application. TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS. 40 ILLUSTRATIONS. 20 Parts at 30c ea. AGENTS WANTED.

FIRESIDE EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. The cheapest Book ever offered to the public. Large Type, Fine Illustrations and Paper. SPECIMEN, with 2 illustrations, by mail, for 10c. BAKER, DAVIS & CO., Philadelphia.

PAINTING. HARD TIMES PLAN. Best and Cheapest paint in the world. RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES "Ready Mixed." Full directions. Apply yourself and save cost of application. Sample Cards free. G. W. ROSE, 9 Beekman St., N. Y. Box 5,740.

CHRONIC Diseases Cured. New paths marked out by that plainest of all books—"Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense"—nearly 1,000 pages, 200 illustrations, by Dr. E. B. FOOTE, of 120 Lexington Ave., N. Y. Purchasers of this book are at liberty to consult its author in person or by mail, free. Price by mail, postage prepaid, $1.25. Contents tables free. Agents wanted. MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO. (JOHN P. JEWETT, Manager), 129 East 28th St., N. Y.

SLATE MANTELS
ESTABLISHED 1833.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1710 Ridge Avenue. WILSON & MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BEST YET for AGENTS SALES is OUR BEHAVIOR A manual of Etiquette and Dress of the best American Society, by Mrs. E. B. Duffey. Will sell at sight in every house. Is indispensable to all who desire to get ahead in the world. Written with great ability. Printed and bound splendidly. Price low. Only book on this subject sold by agents, and will sell better than any other in the market. Circulars and terms sent on immediate application. J. M. STODDART & CO., 723 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" As if. Such are the exclamations of those who see the large, elegant new Chromos produced by the European and American Publishing Company. Every one will want them. It requires no talking to sell the pictures; they speak for themselves. Canvassers, agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. GLEASON & Co., No. 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Wanted Agents for the best selling prize package in the world. It contains 15 sheets Paper, 15 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Penholder, Pencil, Patent Yard measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single packages with elegant prize post-paid for 25 cents. This package has been examined by the publishers of the SAT. EVE. POST, and found as represented, worth the money. Circulars free. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.

A SUPERIOR FARM

In ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK, is offered for sale, CHEAP. It contains 117 acres of excellent land, suitable for either grain or grass. Has a fair dwelling house, two good barns, large orchard, 27 acres of woodland, balance in meadow, pasture and plowed crops. Located two miles from depot on New York and Oswego Midland Railroad. Is unexcelled for healthfulness and beauty of prospect. Terms Easy. For particulars address W. A. PITCH, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. DOLLARD, 833 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA. Premier Artiste IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs. Inches.	Toupees and Scalps. Inches.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S MEN & BOYS CASH ONE PRICE GUARANTEE CLOTHING S.E. COR. 6th & MARKET STS. PHILADA

NB WAX FLOWER MATERIAL in every variety, at lowest prices. Just published, "Wax Flower Making without a Teacher," the only practical work on the subject, prize post-paid, 25 cts.; given free, with an order for $2.50 worth of material. Box of material and instructions for making several fine vines of Ivy Leaves, post-paid, 50 cts. 100 Decalcomanie pictures, 25 cts. 50 Gem Chromos, 25 cts. 50 Embossed pictures, 25 cts.; choice samples of either, 10 cts. 32 page catalogue sent free with every order. Agents wanted. J. L. PATTEN & CO., 241 William Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the New Historical Work, OUR
WESTERN BORDER,
A Complete and Graphic History of American Pioneer Life
100 YEARS AGO.

Its thrilling conflicts of Red and White foes. Exciting Adventures, Captivities, Forays, Scouts, Pioneer women and boys. Indian war-paths, Camp life, and Sports.—A book for Old and Young. Not a dull page. No competition. Enormous sales. Agents wanted everywhere. Illustrated circulars free. J. C. McCURDY & CO., 26 S. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HO, FOR THE BLACK HILLS!

Rifles Shot Guns Revolvers

Call and see or write for illustrated price list. GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 255 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents wanted for a new, permanent, and respectable business, in which they can make from $5 to $10 a day. One who had never canvassed before made $7.50 in 5 hours; an experienced agent $75.00 in 2 days. Particulars free. C. Dewey & Co., Rochester, N. Y. "We know C. & Co. to be responsible and reliable, and think he offers Agents extraordinary inducements."—*N. Y. Weekly Sun, April 19, 1876.*

$5 TO $10 A DAY SURE.

A FREE TRIP to the CENTENNIAL and return from any point in the Union. This comes within the grasp of every reader of this paper who possesses sufficient enterprise to spend a few hours in raising a small club of subscribers to THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. Send your address on postal card for circulars, terms, etc. Send 3 three cent stamps for specimen copy of paper to be solicited. Address CHAS. CLUCAS & CO., 14 Warren St., New York.

FREE to agents who will sell our Centennial Stationery Package. It contains 15 sheets Paper, 15 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Penholder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with pair of elegant Sleeve Buttons, post-paid, 25c. Circulars free. M. MIKOLAS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $50 a week, without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS' SUPPLY CO., 261 Bowery, N. Y.

NATATORIUM AND PHYSICAL INSTITUTE. Broad street, below Walnut. SWIMMING SCHOOL AND GYMNASIUM. Open from 6 A. M. till 10 P. M. Temperature of water always the same summer heat. Ladies and Misses' Department under very competent and experienced lady teachers. Men and Boys' Department under polite instructors of 15 years' experience. The most timid persons taught to swim in from 6 to 10 lessons. Pupils received at all times. Strictly private lessons if desired. Call or address for circular. J. A. PAYNE.

EXTRAORDINARY.

Before investing in anything whatever, lottery, stocks, lands, etc., etc., send for one of our circulars, which will give full information FREE. Address TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS, 11 Wall st., N. Y.

NEWSPAPERS
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

A complete list, numbering 3,129, with a Gazetteer correct to date, of all towns and cities to which Newspapers are published; historical and statistical sketches of the Great Newspaper Establishments; illustrated with numerous engravings of the principal newspaper buildings. BOOK OF 300 PAGES, just issued. Mailed, post paid, to any address for $2.50. Apply (enclosing price) to SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEWSPAPER PAVILION, Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia, or American News Company, N. Y. *Every advertiser needs it.*

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, *Editor.*

Sole *authorized* medium for the publication of

His Sermons Each Week.

$3.20 per year. Postage prepaid. To Clergymen, $2.60. Cash premiums to Agents. Send for particulars. HORATIO C. KING, *Publisher*, 27 Park Place, New York.

ESHLEMAN & CRAIG.
SHIRTS
TO ORDER.

No. 321 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
First door below Girard House.
Samples and rules for Self-measurement sent free.

Men are earning $40 to $150 per week in selling
OUR

FASHION NOTES.

Summer fabrics are in great demand since the July days have set in; and light toilettes are in full bloom.

The cream tint, so fashionable this summer, enters into all fabrics, and produces an especially pleasing effect when shown in the sheer linen lawns and lace stripe zambrics.

In this latter class of goods many polonaises and over-dresses are being made up. Linen lace is to trim many, but

MACHINE WROUGHT EMBROIDERY

is now sold per yard, and comes in all the shades of grass cloth and linen goods. In this latter article a novelty is shown called

LINEN HERNANI.

As its name would indicate it is open-work, and resembles the pattern or mesh of the woolen or silk hernanis.

It is delightful cool, and when worn over black or brown silk underskirts, and looped with ribbon bows to match the silk it is very stylish.

Among the Parisian fashions there are some toilettes in this fabric shown embroidered in bright colors around the edge of the basque overskirt and pocket.

One we shall describe, had a brown silk underskirt, with one knife pleated flounce on the bottom. The linen overdress was very deep and of a fulness ample enough to admit of graceful drapery.

The edge was embroidered in field flowers poppies, daisies and grass sprays. The work was done in worsted threads, so as to be readily washed and not fade, and the stitch was partly *Point de Russe*, partly a double herring-bone stitch.

The basque was half loose, and the size of the flowers, wrought upon its edge, was smaller than that of those upon the overskirt.

The pocket was deep and oblong in shape.

A CHARMING HAT

to accompany this suit was of glossy straw, open-work in pattern, and of the Pagoda or Chinese shape. Flowers to match the embroidery of the dress, trimmed it, in the form of a wreath, tied with long, brown ribbons.

Shoulder capes of lace foundation with successive rows of fringe covering it; or of net foundation with frills of black tulle instead of fringe are among the novelties. These capes are round in shape and reach to the waist.

BELTS AND CHATELAINE BAGS

are very popular. Some fit closely to the waist, and are, in such case, made of leather covered with overlapping scales of metal. Others are chain shaped, and, fastening on one side of the waist, hang down very low on the other, holding a chatelaine bag of metal in filagree work.

BANGLES

for the waist, in silver, gilt shell and jet, are still very much worn.

Chains and lockets of neatly carved ivory, with earrings and pin to complete the sett, are worn.

The links of the chain are oblong and square at the ends.

PONGEE PARASOLS

of cream-colored material, pinked at the ends or trimmed with fringe to match are "the style" now.

AN ELEGANT COSTUME

in black faille, silk had a long train, made perfectly plain; a deep overskirt, rounded in front and trimmed with a wide band of peacock feathers, a cuirass basque with a band of the feathers arranged to simulate bretelles upon the shoulders; also a band around the cuffs of the sleeves. Nothing more unique has come under our observation. A black chip had with a soft crown of peacock blue silk, and a band of feathers similar to those upon the overskirt was worn with it.

A COSTUME IN BLUE SILK AND GRENADINE

had the underskirt of silk with two narrow flounces of grenadine upon it. This grenadine was of pale blue ground with darker silk stripes.

The sleeves were of silk with cuffs of grenadine, and a buckle of blue steel, fastening a bow of ribbon on the outer seam.

A sleeveless polonaise of the grenadine was fastened down the front with similar buttons and bows of ribbon.

A blue silk pocket was worn down low on the right side. A sash of blue silk looped it in the back.

A CHILD'S SUIT

of cream-colored linen had the skirt laid in wide kilt plaits behind. The front trimmed with rows of knife-pleating. A pretty basque opening in the back was edged with linen fringe. The quaint, little capote bonnet, with its high, soft crown, was also of linen.

For little girls and small boys not out of dresses, sashes of cardinal color, dark blue, and the old favorite Roman stripe, are all very fashionable. Brown, too, still retains favor.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We have had application from time to time concerning the best method for making the shell work which adorns boxes, baskets, etc., so prettily.

As there will be ample opportunity now, that the season for the seaside has set in, to gather shells for such purposes, we will give a very easy method.

The ordinary glove boxes are so commonly seen, that we will choose for our model

A DESK.

The foundation to this can be of home manufacture if preferred. Get a smooth, neatly finished wooden box—twelve by fourteen inches is a good size—have one side carved down or carefully cut to half the depth of the other.

This will give the proper slope to the lid.

Attach the latter on by means of two small hinges, easily procurable, and not needing a carpenter to "fix" if you are of an ingenious turn of mind.

Now "gather your shells" or buy them. Let your selection contain a sufficient number of small cockle shells and the polished periwinkle to make a neat border.

Have some bright rosy and purple ones, with a finely polished larger sized shell of any rounded variety, you may fancy, for a centre piece.

Now prepare your paste; soften some putty with linseed oil, rubbing the two well together on a slab. Add a fourth of white lead, and if you wish the paste colored, a little powdered vermillion or carmine gives a red tint. Prussian blue in powder, (such as can be obtained at any store where materials for wax flowers are sold), will give dark blue.

Chrome yellow, canary color, etc.: Spread with a palette knife, or, if not at hand, any wide-bladed table knife will answer the purpose, your paste evenly over the top, and sides of your desk.

Arrange first the outer rim of shells, then a group in each corner, then the centre shell. Fill in the interstices with the smaller shells.

Line the interior of the desk with nice colored paper, but not until the paste outside is quite dry, otherwise you cannot make your lining smooth and flat.

If you desire the usual compartments for pens, ink-bottles etc., you can do so by cutting them out of stout pasteboard, covering with colored paper and glueing in place.

We think our readers will find this pleasant work, and the model a pretty one.

A pretty bracket was made of large scallop shells, the largest supporting two others which served for a shelf. Another was placed upright behind these two. A small foundation of wood was of course necessary, although it was not desirable that any of the wood appear, when the work was finished, and the bracket put up.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A new kind of lace work is fashionable abroad for ladies of "elegant leisure." It is Arabic in origin, and is wrought upon a cushion also with small wooden tools, or implements in addition to the pins. It is called "Macrame."

Linen fans, in black and slate color, have sometimes a covering of slate and iron colored linen lace. The effect is very pretty.

Balbriggan stockings have the upper part, half the length, embroidered in pretty vines and clockwork, in scarlet, blue, brown and écrie silk thread.

Leghorn hats, with long scarfs of blue, or cream-colored crepe lisse about the crowns are fashionable.

Lasting boots, laced up at the sides, are worn by many; but the fashion is too troublesome to become very popular.

Collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs for morning wear have a cluster of tiny flowers, or the monogram of the wearer embroidered in bright colors in the corners.

Wide linen braids in checker-board pattern, are used for trimming suits.

Scarfs of netted silks are worn around the neck.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. M. W.—Send patterns desired per express. Braid your hair in two plaits at the back, and loop in chatelaine form.

"SUSAN."—Your calico will do very nicely for an underskirt over which to wear your linen and grass-cloth overdresses. Some brunettes who are clear in complexion can wear bright blue. You might "try the effect."

MRS. L. J.—Your little boy needs shirt waists for summer, and a light cassimere suit for best. Button boots are best.

NINON.

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

"They say," she thought, with a shy delight,
"There's a charm in the four leaf clover,
If that be so, I will find that charm,
If I search the whole field over;
For, oh! who knows, if they tell me true,
What a four-leaf clover for me will do?"

So down to the meadow she sped away
To search for the charms there growing,
Nor heeded the sun that kissed her cheek,
Nor the wind her golden hair blowing;
But over the fragrant grass bent low
To see if the prize hid there or no.

But was it the bird in the old elm tree
Who flew with the secret laden,
And carried to somebody near at hand
The news of our little maiden?
Or was it that somebody wanted, too,
To see where a four-leaf clover grew?

For soon it happened that two heads bent
In search of the wondrous clover,
The while that a pair of dimpled cheeks
Were mantled with blushes over.
But what if their search proved all for naught,
Since, with or without, the spell was wrought!

ETHEL'S SACRIFICE.

BY OLIVE BELL.

The glow of the setting sun turned the bayberry blossoms into drops of molten gold, as two lovers stood at a rustic gate, and talked as lovers will, of every subject under the sun, but the one, that filled both hearts, with such ineffable content.

Henry May, as steady and as trustworthy a civil engineer as ever held a Jacob's staff, idly switched the bayberry blossoms with a willow rod as farmer Strong's pretty daughter made the air musical with her silvery laugh, and grew suddenly grave, as he glanced at the blithe young girl.

"I'm going west, Ethel."

"You are?" in a tone of affected surprise from Ethel, who looks up into the grave face of her lover, with a provoking smile on her red lips.

"You do not believe it?"

"I have heard that threat too often to put much faith in its execution," laughed Ethel. "Pray, what has given you this sudden freak?"

"I am tired waiting for the 'yes' you promised me years ago," said Henry May, glancing admiringly at the plump figure of the girl, whose face was as fresh and dimpled as an infant's.

The smiles left Ethel Strong's red lips, and the cheeks, always like twin damask roses, flushed a deeper crimson as she turned slowly and looked up the wide green lawn that led to a cozy farm house, with odd gables covered with ivy and cool porches, shaded by climbing roses, her nimble fingers had trained up the old-fashioned pillars, and festooned above the quaint windows, which glowed in the amber sunset like oblong patches of rubies rimmed with emeralds.

"How many years have you waited, Henry?" she asked, suddenly facing him with an unsmiling face.

"Well—let me see"— Henry paused, with a short, nervous laugh, and laid his hand on Ethel's nut brown hair, thinking absently how bright were the golden threads in the smooth braids. "Ethel!" he broke out suddenly, "what beautiful hair you have!"

"That is not answering my question."

"O, about the number of years I have waited for you," he said, laughing lightly. "Well, I believe I've been midway between hope and despair for about twelve months. An age, I assure you, Ethel."

Ethel was silent. She plucked at the golden bayberry blossoms at her side, listening dreamily to the sad complaint of some belated "Bob White," whose mournful notes stirred the Sabbath-like calm of the June evening.

"I cannot wait many months longer," pursued Henry May, "you must decide either one way or the other, Ethel."

"Give me until to-morrow morning," sighed Ethel, lifting a pair of beseeching eyes to his face.

"So be it!" he replied, in a vexed tone. "But, Ethel, I know what your answer will be. How is it that other girls give up home, parents, friends, and very often many of the comforts of this life for their love's sake, and you cling to every one but the man you have professed to love above all the world?"

"I cannot tell." Ethel's voice quivered, and her spotless white apron was splashed with the hot tears that fell from her downcast eyes. "I am sure I love you well enough to go to the ends of the earth with you, but father and mother cannot spare me."

"Umph!" Henry suddenly looked away from Ethel, for he loved her tenderly, and although he admired her unselfish devotion to her parents, he begrudged them the affection she withheld from him. "Other parents willingly give up their only daughters; why cannot yours do likewise? I have a good home to offer you, Ethel."

"I know it," sighs Ethel, "but, Henry, they do not withhold their consent without a reason."

"You must decide to-night, Ethel," said her lover, decisively. "I have been offered a lucrative situation in the West, and I wish to take my wife with me. If you do not accompany me, I must go alone."

"E-t-h-e-l," came in a feeble, treble voice from the house, and Ethel hastily picked up the blue sun-bonnet that had fallen at her feet.

"I must go, Henry; mother needs me. Wont you come up to the house?"

"Not this evening, Ethel," said Henry, bending down, until his black mustache touched the rosy cheek. "But I will be at the gate, bright and early, to hear your answer."

"O Henry!" was all Ethel could say, as she choked down a rising sob, and fled up the green lawn.

"Where have you been child?" said a pale, feeble-looking woman, looking up from her sewing as Ethel danced into the pleasant farm kitchen, her eyes glittering with excitement.

"Only down to the lawn gate," says Ethel, cheerily, for this blithe little farmer girl was the light of that quiet old home.

"O!" sighed the observing mother, with a smile. "Henry was surveying at the mines, to-day?"

"Yes, mother," was Ethel's meek answer, as she busied herself among the shining tinware on the oaken dresser, although her eyes saw nothing but the tall figure of Henry May, disappearing in a distant belt of woodland.

Mrs. Strong sighed deeply, and kept her eyes bent on her sewing.

"He is a steady young man, Ethel," she said, presently, "but I am afraid you will have to give him up."

"Why, mother?" questioned Ethel, with a tremor in her voice, as she placed the boiling tea-kettle on the hob.

Mrs. Strong glanced lovingly at Ethel's downcast face.

"Do not think that your father and I object to him in any way. But it will be years before we can spare you, and he will grow tired waiting."

"He is going out West," Ethel said, abstractedly, reaching for a tea-urn of immaculate brightness, that stood on the top shelf of the dresser, thereby disclosing a white dimpled arm, round and muscular with health and healthy exercise.

"Without you?" Mrs. Strong looked up with a start, adding hastily: "Precious child! what are you going to do with the best tea-urn? I'm sure we have no company!"

Ethel hurriedly replaced the article, and vigorously wheeled out a small deal table to hide her agitation.

"Without you, Ethel?" repeated her mother.

"No, mother, not unless father and you refuse to let me go."

"Ethel, Ethel, how can we spare you!"

"There's Biddy Coyle, mother," ventured Ethel; "she is a good steady girl; you might hire her for little or nothing, for she needs a home."

"Ah! she could never fill your place, child." Mrs. Strong choked down a sob. "And, Ethel, we have, not a dollar to spare for your outfit."

Ethel's countenance fell.

"Your father's health is failing, too, Ethel. John is overburdened with work, poor fellow! and could find no time to help me. O, Ethel, Ethel, don't add to our burdens by leaving us now!"

Mrs. Strong sat with her hands clasped despairingly in her lap, and Ethel dropped down on a low cricket at her mother's feet, and cried bitterly.

"Don't cry, Ethel," said Mrs. Strong, laying her thin hand on Ethel's nut-brown hair. "The night is always darkest before dawn. You have been a faithful daughter, and God will reward you for it; if not in this world, in the next."

But Ethel refused to be comforted. She was of the "earth, earthy," and longed for a taste of this world's joys, unstable though they are. She loved her hard-working parents—she loved the sturdy brother, who, in return, idolized her, but she loved Henry May also, and her tender, womanly heart clung to him, as the drowning cling to some frail plank that bears them to life and safety.

"So, mother, I cannot go!" she sighed, after a fit of passionate weeping.

"Not for a little while—a year or so, perhaps, if Henry will wait. We have no money, and we cannot borrow, for we owe too much already. Biddy's wages would have to be paid, and you could not go without clothes."

Ethel made no protest, and Mrs. Strong sadly took up her work. She loved her daughter, and desired, above all things, to see her happily settled in life. But circumstances were against her, as they are against many who sit in the shadow of ill-fortune and patiently wait for some brighter day to dawn.

The Strongs had always been thrifty people, but in an evil hour, Ethel's father had indorsed for a friend. The friend absconded, and Mr. Strong was obliged to mortgage his farm—a proceeding that promised poverty and rigid economy for many years.

"Poor Ethel!" sighed her worn old father, when the evening's conversation was repeated to him; "my child's happiness is dearer to me than all the money in the world; but the Mays are a proud people, and Ethel cannot go among them like a beggar."

So Ethel's fate was settled. But she did not murmur, for she understood her duty too well to rebel against her parents in word or deed.

She was up with the lark the next morning, and at an early hour Henry May was at the lawn gate. Years after, he remembered Ethel, as she came steadily down the green path, the sunlight kissing her nut-brown hair, and a flush on her round cheeks.

"Well, Ethel"—he laid his brown palm on Ethel's dimpled fingers—"yes or no?"

"O, Henry, Henry!" Ethel sobbed, dropping her face on his hand; "you will not go." Henry's lips tightened under his glossy beard.

"Do not blame me too harshly, for it is my duty to stay at home!" cried Ethel, lifting her pale face to his.

"So love must give way to duty, Ethel. If you love me, I think you could find some argument to convince your parents it was right for you to go."

"Do not doubt my love," she pleaded, "for that would be harder to bear than any sorrow. For I shall love and esteem you above all men while life lasts."

"Then good-bye, sweetheart," said Henry, kissing the rosy face that would be marked with many a line of sorrow before he looked upon it again, "and God keep you until we meet again."

Months went on. Henry May, at his labor on some lonely coast survey, or in the heart of some western wilderness, kept a place in his heart for the little girl, working and waiting among the Vermont hills.

Meanwhile, troubles were closing in around Ethel Strong. Sickness came, and the sturdy young brother was laid beside the Strongs in the old churchyard. His mother followed her youngest born before many months, and left Ethel to comfort the poor old father, whose life-work had been so hard and cheerless.

If Ethel's heart ached, no one knew it. If her woman's heart craved a husband's love, or the tender caresses that might have kept her heart young and bouyant, no one knew it. God had dealt hard with her in many ways, yet her faith in Him never wavered, and her feet never faltered, as she administered to the wants of the frail old father, who lived in the light of her smile.

By Ethel's management, the mortgage was paid off, and prosperity once more crowned their labors. Yet Ethel's life-work was not done. She resolutely put aside all her girlish dreams, and refused to send her lover the answer he longed for with such ceaseless longing.

Four years had gone by. One balmy evening Ethel sat on one of the shady porches sewing diligently. Her father dozed in an arm-chair at the window, while a robin, swinging on a bough above Ethel's brown head, burst out into a gush of song that filled the still air with melody.

"Ethel!"

Ethel looked up. Her old lover, bronzed and bearded, stood before her. Ethel silently gave him her hand. And he, looking into the face that had lost bloom and brightness only to gain a more spiritual beauty, could see little to give him hope in the steady, thoughtful eyes.

"You have changed much, Ethel."

"Ah! Time and sorrow change us all," she replied, sadly.

"You will be my wife now, Ethel?"

She shook her head and glanced at her father. "I am all that is left to him. While he lives, I must comfort him."

Henry May reasoned, plead, and finally ended by growing angry.

"You have sacrificed the best years and dearest hopes of your life to your inordinate sense of duty. No other woman would have done so," he said, bitterly.

"The world is full of such sacrifices. I am no better or wiser than my sisters. Whatever work God gives me to do, that I will do bravely and patiently," is Ethel's quiet reply.

So they parted, never to meet again this side of the Eternal City.

COLORADO AND KANSAS BUILDING.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Colorado and Kansas Building.

The Building devoted to the exhibits of Colorado and Kansas is the largest State Building on the grounds, and perhaps it is the only one specially devoted to showing state products, as the others are simply State headquarters. Kansas makes an exhaustive display of all kinds of grain, grapes and building stone, and it has a fine collection of birds and insects. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fee Railroad show extraordinary specimens of grain, such as must astonish Eastern farmers, as instance, the statements of extraordinary yield, such as oats weighing 48 lbs. to the bushel, while the standard is 32 lbs; but this cannot be an average, as something must be allowed a land agents advocacy. Still, there is no kind of question but that Kansas soil is astonishingly productive, nor that new settlers will be well rewarded for their industry and enterprise—indeed all who are looking westward should be sure to examine the Kansas exhibits.

Colorado, soon to be the Rocky Mountain State, thus having much farming land, shows extraordinary specimens of gold and silver ores, for the rich mines which those interested in precious metals, will look upon with great interest. The yield of these mines is about $7,000,000 a year, and is constantly increasing. Some of the richest gold mines in the world have been recently discovered, and in such rock as they have never been known to be associated with before. A zoological specimen is made by Mrs. Maxwell, a lady of refinement and culture, who, strange as it may seem, killed with her rifle almost every animal, including the buffalo and bear. Every wild animal living in Colorado is here to be seen, and they are prepared and mounted with a skill seldom equalled. As yet no agricultural products from Colorado are placed on exhibition, but after harvest, grain and vegetables of all kinds will be presented, and probably they will be the only specimens grown wholly by irrigation to be seen on the Centennial grounds. The whole exhibit of these two remote regions is tastefully arranged, and the outside surroundings display rural elegance.

PERSONALITIES.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR., is going to marry a Boston lady.

GUSTAV KUMAN, the famous iron-master of Sweden is dead.

KATE FIELD has joined the London staff of the New York *Herald*.

THE administrators of Url Carruth, the Vineland editor who was shot and killed by Landis, has sued Landis for $50,000 damages for causing his death.

MADAME Amantine Lucile Aurore-Dudevant, better known as "George Sand," the French authoress, died in Paris on the 8th of June, aged 72 years.

THE Khedive of Egypt has devoted the thirteen thousand pounds sterling, contributed to erect a monument for him, to the erection of a great publicschool in Alexandria open to all nationalities.

MISS Laura Spence, of Georgia, is six feet two and a half inches high, and when her young man sings: "Thou art so near and yet so far," he can throw more feeling into the song than any other man in the State.

HON. BENJAMIN MORAN, minister to Portugal, for twenty-two years occupied in the Government service abroad, will soon return to his home in Philadelphia, his feeble state of health compelling him to seek for a time rest from his arduous and responsible duties. He will be cordially welcomed by his many friends in this city.

MR. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW has rented a cottage at Bryn Mawr, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, a few miles from Philadelphia, where he and his family pass the summer. Mr. Longfellow is studying the Exposition leisurely and thoroughly. He is the observed of all observers as he passes through the buildings or in the streets of Philadelphia.

BRIGHAM YOUNG spoke a few words of wisdom the other day to a youthful Chicago enthusiast who called upon him. He said: "Young man, be sure you are through with your search for the kind of partner you want—be sure you have got the pattern of woman that suits you, before leading her to the altar. Don't wait till after marriage, as I did and then be obliged to keep on sampling."

A HERO among workingmen, is M. A. Karls, a slater, of Anthioug, Belgium. He had to ascend the summit of the church steeple at Ville sur-Ourthe to fix the lightning conductor. His comrade mounted on his shoulders to pour some molten lead into the socket, when a violent gust of wind caused part of the liquid mass to fall on Karls's shoulder and arms. He dared not budge, for the least movement would have precipitated his comrade from the dizzy height into the street far below, so he remained firm, and allowed the molten lead to eat his flesh rather than sacrifice his comrade.

DANIEL DREW'S curious testimony, which shows that he kept no books of account for his complicated stock transactions, make it probable that this was one of his habits as a drover which he has kept up through life. In a partnership suit between two drovers, brought in New York some years ago, the evidence was that they made a "wad" of the money which each originally put into the concern. Whichever acted as the buyer of cattle—sometimes one and sometimes the other—carried the "wad;" each put into it what he received, and each drew from it what he spent. After some years, they divided the "wad" equally. That was all there was of their system of book-keeping.

A CERTAIN Count Tschitschagow has brought his extraordinary name into notice in Europe by losing 800,000 francs in two days at Monaco. When the last piece of his fortune was gone the count lamented that he had nothing left with which to buy his supper. The proprietor of the gambling house showed his generosity and magnanimity by pushing over to him five hundred francs. The count took it, and invited all his companions at roulette to a fine supper. When his was over he took a carriage to go to Mantou. Arriving at the destination, the coachman found that his passenger had disappeared. The next day the count's body was found at the foot of a high precipice on the road. He had opened the door of the carriage as it was passing the cliff, and sprung out.

THEY tell a good story of Gen. Hawley, the President of the Centennial Commission. It seems he had forgotten one part of his ticket of admission to the grounds, the other morning: He approached a gate-keeper, told him who he was, showed him the portion of the ticket he had in his pocket, and asked to be let in. The gate-keeper said that wouldn't do. Then the General lifted the lappel of his coat and exhibited the beautiful gold decoration which he wears as President of the Commission, but the intelligent guard was not to be persuaded in this way. The General then began to think the affair interesting, and "I resolved to spend a dollar and a half's worth of time," said he, "to see if the President of the United States Centennial Commission could get in without paying fifty cents,"—but it was no go, and the General had to come down with fifty cents of the paper of the Republic.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

To make India ink dry quickly, it is recommended to add 1 part of carbolic acid to 80 parts of ink. If the mixture then dries too quickly, add more ink, till the desired proportion is obtained.

A CLEAN tooth does not decay; acids, sour fruit, always injure the teeth instantly; sweets never do; without them children would die, hence their insatiable instincts for sugar. If a tooth powder were never used the teeth would not be so white; but kept perfectly clean, would last for life.

A PLATINUM wire inserted in a glass bottle, and then connected by insulated wires with a battery, has been employed as an "electric fish bait" in shallow waters. The bottle is sunk in the water just above a snap-net, and when the battery is applied the wire glows and gives a bright light that attracts the fish, and when the net is sufficiently covered it is suddenly closed, and all the fish within reach are secured.

A SIMPLE method of testing safety-lamps used in mines has been reported before the Academy of Sciences, Paris. Each miner before entering the pit is obliged to light his lamp, and then to place it in a jar supplied with an explosive mixture of gas and air. If a slight explosion takes place in the jar the lamp is pronounced defective and the miner must procure another. If there is no explosion, the lamp is considered safe for use in the mine.

THE schooner style of rigging has of late years been somewhat modified, and now often appears in our waters in the form of the "three-masted schooner." The advantages claimed are ease in handling the sails, less height of mast, thereby giving greater security against strains by the swaying of the masts in heavy seas, and a smaller crew in proportion to the size of the vessel. Another step in this direction has been made, and a four masted, partially square-rigged ship has been built. The vessel has been tried upon a long voyage, and developed good sailing qualities under the new rig.

CIRCULAR YACHT.—A curious little circular sailing yacht, twenty feet in diameter, has been built by a young officer of the Russian Navy to show that the circular form is not by any means so adverse to speed as many suppose. She is cutter-rigged, with a very taut mast, and has great speed under canvass in combination with an altogether unequalled power of staying and wearing. She is perfectly round, like a tea-saucer, and, having great stability, can carry, almost without inclination, all the canvass which it is possible to spread upon her. She is consequently very fast and extremely handy withal.

VELOCITY OF LIGHT.—Prof. Cornu, of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, Paris, who has heretofore made many experiments on the velocity of light, has recently perfected a new instrument for determining this velocity. This instrument has an electrical registering apparatus, and it is thought that more accurate results can be obtained with it than with the well-known toothed-wheel apparatus of Fizeau. Foucault fixed the velocity of light with his instrument, at 185,157 miles per second. Cornu, with his new instrument, fixes the velocity of light at 186,660 miles per second, or 1,503 miles per second faster than Foucault.

SOME marvels of human ingenuity may be seen at the London Scientific Exhibition. Thus, a machine, loaned by Sir W. Armstrong, the great gunmaker, measures thickness up to the one-thousandth part of an inch, and another, on the same principle, to the one-millionth part. The delicate balance of Mr. Oertling carries 3,000 grains, and turns distinctly with the one-thousandth part of a single grain. Among the historical instruments is the chronometer sent by the Royal United Service Institution, which was twice carried out by Capt. Cooke, and again by Capt. Gaiah in 1787. When the crew of the Bounty mutinied, this veteran timekeeper was carried to Pitcairn's Island by the mutineers, and sold by Adams in 1808 to an American captain who touched there. He sold it in China, and in 1840, it was bought at Valparaso by Sir Thomas Herbert, taken to China by him, and finally brought back to England in the Blenheim.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Pull down your Vest." True to Each Other. On the Stage. The Jealous Husband. "To-morrow." A Tale of the Camp. The Forlorn Hope."

DISTANCES.—T. A. B.—The square, or blocks in Philadelphia are commonly double the length of those in New York. The distance in Philadelphia from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, on Market street, is 11,380 feet.

FLAGS.—INQUIRER.—The tri-colored flag is used by no less than five nations, viz: France, blue, white and red, latitudinal; Holland, red, white and blue, longitudinal; Italy, green, white and red, longitudinal; Hungary, red, white and green, longitudinal; and Belgium, red, yellow and black, longitudinal.

J. L. W.—"Can you give me the quotation in which the words "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well," occur? and also tell me where it is to be found." The lines you allude to are as follows, and you will find them in Macbeth, Act III, scene 2d.

Duncan is in his grave,
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done its worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

NAVY OFFICER'S SALARY.—J. C. A—"Can you please tell me what is the pay per annum of the different officers in the U. S. Navy when on the active list?" Their pay is as follows: Admiral, $13,000; Vice Admiral, $9000; Rear Admiral, $6000; Commodore, $5000; Captain, $4500; Commander, $3500; Lieutenant-Commander, $2800; Master, $2000; Ensign, $1400; Midshipman, $1000; Cadet Midshipman, $500; Mates $900; Fleet Surgeons, Paymasters, Engineers, $4 400 each; Chaplains $2800 each; boatswains, gunners and carpenters from $1200 to $1800; petty officers from $15 to $60 per month; seamen, $17 to $21.50 per month.

OLD ABE.—JOHN M, K. M.—The eagle called "Old Abe" which you saw at the decoration of the soldier's graves in Monument Cemetery on May 30th, is we believe the same which went through the late war with the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, and was present with that corps in several battles. Mr. A. J. Sewell had a portrait taken of this bird, and realized some $20,000 or $30,000 by the sale of it in aid of the Sanitary Fair at Chicago, several years ago. The Legislature of Wisconsin in consideration of all that this eagle had gone through, gave it a room in the basement of the Capitol at Madison, and made a regular allowance to pay for its keep.

"STUPID" OR TOO STILL."—To judge by your well-worded and very intelligent letter, we are of opinion that you do yourself great injustice, in depreciating your educational qualifications. The trouble with you seems to be a want of self-confidence in your own powers of conversation, but this is a very natural feeling in one so young, and one that will gradually wear off as you grow older, wiser, and more conversant with the ways of the world. We would not give you the advice which you say you suppose we will, viz, to stay at home and not go into society, on the contrary, we would advise you by all means to go out as much as possible into good society, receive the attentions of young gentlemen, (for you are old enough for that), and you will find that in a short time you will be entirely cured of your present embarrassment, and be perfectly at ease in any company you may be in.

HOLLOW PILES—D. McK.—The difficulties which had to be encountered in driving enormous wooden piles into the bed of a river, whether to support a superstructure or to form a coffer-dam, led to the invention of the hollow piles, by which the soil is removed from beneath the pile, instead of hammering away at the top. We will try and explain to you what these hollow piles are. Suppose a pile is about to be sunk in the sandy bed of the river. It is made hollow—a cast iron cylinder, in fact,—and is brought over the spot where it is to be fixed: the top is air-tight, except an opening for a tube leading to an air-pump above. When the air is drawn out of the cylinder by this pump, the sand and mud are sucked up also, and the cylinder descends into the vacancy thus occasioned in the bed of the river. In some instances, where railroad bridges have been built under circumstances of the greatest difficulty, where the tide rose some 50 or 60 feet, in one case, and these hollow piles have enabled the engineers to surmount obstacles which otherwise would have been insurmountable.

TELEGRAPH-OPERATING.—SUBSCRIBER, (Rose Creek, Tenn.)—"Which would you advise a young man to learn, telegraphing or book-keeping, and in what business do you think he would be the most likely to obtain profitable employment? Could he learn telegraphy by himself, and in what time?" We can give no advice on such a subject without knowing the young man's capacities and qualifications. As to which of the two employments would be likely to be the most profitable, that would depend altogether on his choosing the business that he is best suited for. Good operators and good accountants alike, if of good habits, should have no difficulty of obtaining and retaining situations. The young man could instruct himself in the art of telegraphing, provided he had the proper instruments and book of instructions, and also provided he devoted sufficient time to it, and had a natural aptitude for the study. The time required would depend very largely on his application and capacity. A thorough knowledge cannot be gained of such subjects at school, some actual practice being necessarry to perfect the student in the art.

WHIST.—A NOVICE.—We are not surprised at your partner having somewhat lost his temper at your bad play, for there is nothing that puts a good whist player out or ruffles his equanimity more than to discover that his partner does not know the fundamental theory of the game. We will try and explain it to you. The two hands held by partners must be combined and played together; to attempt to play each independent of the other, as you did, weakens both. To effect this combination, the following is the conventional signal, by which, when a player wants trumps led, and cannot get the lead himself, he may intimate the fact to his partner and call upon him to lead them, the lead of trumps being considered of such great importance in the game. This signal consists in throwing away unnecessarily, a higher before a lower. Thus suppose a king and ace of same suits are led consecutively, and your two lowest cards are the seven and three, the usual play is to throw away first the three and then the seven. But if you reverse this order, throwing away first the seven and then the three, throwing this is tantamount to a command to your partner to lead trumps at once. When this signal is given, it is the imperative duty of the partner to lead trumps, if he has any.

CORK FRAMES.—J. P. G. (Youngstown).—"I would like you to tell me how to make picture-frames with cones. I have seen them, and have wondered how they were made, so thought you would be able to tell me." Select good clear cones, and dissect some which have large, handsome scales and brush them clear; spread smoothly on your frame the best of glue; then arrange the whole cones, large and small, in such figures as suit your taste, and fill up your entire ground-work with the scales, lapping one neatly over the other. Cut oval and round frames for light pictures from thick, stiff pasteboard, and cover with the scales in rows or layers; scollop the edges with small, whole cones, and then fill in with the scales. When dry, take those which are not firm, and touch with glue and then replace, adding scorns *ad libitum*. The whole must then be varnished once or twice. Nuts of any kind are very pretty for this purpose; peach stones also, split in the middle, glued on and oiled, and then varnished in about twenty-four hours. Paint the frame underneath the peach stones black, and it will be a good imitation of ebony wood. The peach stones to imitate cherry carving.

DEBTS of the WORLD.—P. M. G., Philadelphia.—"I should like to get, if it is possible for you to give me the information, an approximate estimate of the national debts of the various countries of the world. I know it is difficult to get such information, but you seem to have unusual facilities, and so I thought I would apply to you." There is considerable difficulty in ascertaining the liabilities of the various nations with any correctness or reliability. To be sure, the annual almanacs give some assistance on the subject. In an English work, called the "Investor's Manual," published in 1875, which is considered a standard authority, we have been able to find the very latest information. The ten principal countries, France, Great Britain, United States, Italy, Spain, Austria, Russia, German Empire, Turkey and India, have an indebtedness aggregating $20,000,000,000. No other country in the world owes as much as $500,000,000. The ten next largest debts stand as follows, (in the order in which they owe,): Brazil, Holland, Egypt, Portugal, Mexico, Belgium, Peru, Belgium, Hungary and Canada, making a total of $2,750,000,000. The twenty largest national debts amount, in the aggregate, to $23,950,000,000. If we add $800,000,000 for the smaller debts of the other nations, about a fair estimate, the national indebtedness of the world amounts to about $23,750,000,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.—L. L. L.—It is a delicate question, and cannot be answered arbitrarily. It all depends upon the feelings of the first sister. A SMART BOY.—It depends on what your tastes are. To us, the Memorial Hall is the most interesting of the Centennial Buildings.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*